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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1956.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Over To Nasser

THE spotlight moves from London to Cairo, bringing the Suez Canal crisis into a new focus. Eighteen nations, having decided that Egypt should be invited to negotiate an agreement for the future of the Canal, based on its management by an international body, a committee of five has been requested to place the proposals before Col Nasser.

Will he be foolish enough to refuse to receive them? Such behaviour would not be entirely surprising from a man who is governed so much by egoism, and who does not appear to be over-concerned about world opinion, whether it be friendly or critical.

Nevertheless the assumption must be that Col Nasser will respect at least the niceties of protocol and diplomacy and listen to what Mr Robert Menzies and his colleagues have to say, but whether he will make any endeavour to weigh the proposals on their merits, is more doubtful.

The Egyptian President has expressed his determination to retain the waterway as a nationalised enterprise and is seemingly confident he has the full backing of the Arab and Moslem world in the position he has adopted. He apparently believes that his Arab friends will be prepared to wage a holy war in the Middle East to prevent the 18-nation proposals from being adopted.

On this prospect, however, Col Nasser should not place too heavy a reliance. Although Egypt may have some near neighbours who profess themselves willing to fight for the retention of the Canal as a nationalised enterprise, by far the greater number of the Islamic nations have publicly and emphatically insisted that the dispute must be settled through negotiation. This is a force of moral opinion that the Egyptian President cannot disdain, except perhaps to his cost.

The committee of five is not going to Cairo to force ultimatums down Col Nasser's throat. On the contrary it is a mission of peace. It has important representative views to present, for Nasser's consideration. They are views to which Col Nasser in the dual capacity of a national leader and a statesman is obliged to give full and earnest thought.

CANAL COMMITTEE ACTS QUICKLY

Invitation To Nasser Ready Last Night MORE SHEPILOV CRITICISM

London, Aug. 24.

The five-nation committee agreed today to hand the Egyptian Ambassador here an immediate note inviting President Nasser to top-level talks on internationalising the Suez Canal.

Authoritative sources said the note was being prepared for delivery tonight to Sami Aboul Fetouh, the Egyptian envoy in London.

It will invite Nasser to join Australian Prime Minister R. G. Menzies and representatives of four other nations in negotiations of the Suez Canal for international control of the Suez Canal.

The Committee favours Geneva or Rome as site of the talks, these sources said.

While the committee of five ministers from five continents framed their invitation, Britain and France went ahead on their own with sharply stepped-up military preparations. Southern England between the Channel ports of Southampton and Portland became a vast manoeuvre ground of infantry and tanks ready for immediate movement overseas. Soviet Foreign Minister D. T. Shepilov, in a last statement before departing home, warned tonight against those military preparations.

A SWIFT START

At his news conference tonight at the Soviet Embassy Shepilov reiterated his previous complaints inside the just-ended London conference that it had no right to decide on the Canal's future.

Meanwhile the five-nation committee got off to a swift start with its assignment of putting the Dulles plan before Nasser.

US Secretary of State John Foster Dulles himself attended the committee's first session this afternoon. It was held in the same room where the 22-nation Suez conference ended yesterday. Then Dulles flew back to Washington. But consultation among the members—Australia, United States, Iran, Ethiopia and Sweden—continued by telephone throughout the day.

The first decision was to keep all proceedings secret so neither publicity nor propaganda could be in the way of settlement.

FIRST APPROACH

But it was disclosed tonight that the members decided to make their first approach to the Egyptian Embassy here—and to do it as fast as the diplomatic note could be prepared by experts.

There was no prediction when or how Nasser would reply. Diplomats expected he

would study the invitation for at least a few days—possibly longer. India's V. K. Krishna Menon eliminated himself as a candidate for go-between in the talks. "We have no role in these negotiations," he told a news conference tonight. "We have enough work at home."

Informed sources said that Menzies, a famous lawyer who knows the Middle East at first hand, favours a firm approach to Nasser.

He was understood to have told an associate the committee will "not go begging" to Cairo. It was not known yet whether Menzies would be willing to travel to Cairo for the negotiations if Egypt rejects a neutral site.

STATE WITHIN STATE

Shepilov attacked the procedure adopted by the conference.

Contrasting at great length the Indian proposal for a solution with the Dulles plan, Shepilov charged that the latter provided for the creation of a state within a state.

The Indian plan, as supported by the Soviet Union and others, is "a plan for a just and peaceful solution," he said.

He charged that the Dulles plan amounted "to the establishment of a form of colonial regime in Egypt. It is a plan of colonising incompatible with our times."

Emphasising Russia's "sincere feelings" of friendship for the peoples of the United States, Britain and France, Shepilov said Russia considers it "a matter of honour" to stand up in defence of nations and of peace.

Russia, he said, was aware of the needs of Britain, France and other nations for the freedom of the Canal. He then went on: "We mean to ensure that freedom of navigation on the Suez Canal is absolutely undisturbed but this must be solved without impairment of the sovereign right of Egypt."

RECOGNISES RIGHTS

The legitimate rights of each state must be recognised, he said. "Russia strives for the objective solution of the dispute. Any attempt to settle this problem without taking into account the sovereign rights of Egypt is a colonising approach."

He then attacked New Zealand Foreign Minister T. L. MacDonald for allegedly trying to impose on the conference the

Dulles plan and to split the conference in two.

The Soviet proposal to conclude the conference with a formal communiqué which would provide for a peaceful settlement was not accepted, he pointed out.

He said it was wrong to claim that the united or moral view of the 18 nations on the form of a settlement had been established.

"Far from it," he said. Several nations of this group had expressed the desire for a peaceful settlement, he said.

Shepilov ended on a note of warning of the gravity of the situation which might arise as a result of using a "position of strength."

He also recalled a statement at the beginning of the conference that the military preparations were an open and inadmissible challenge to peace.

THE QUESTION

British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, in a rare radio interview with the BBC, spoke soberly of the consequences of refusal by Nasser to accept the Dulles plan.

"If he now pays no attention to the opinion of these 18 countries (supporting the plan) this very weighty body of international opinion, it will be a very serious matter," he said.

He was asked in the radio interview what would happen if Egypt says no to the five-nation conference.

"I hope that is precisely the question which Colonel Nasser is asking himself," Mr Lloyd said.—United Press.

NOTE HANDED TO ENVOY

London, Aug. 24. The Australian Prime Minister, Mr Robert Menzies, tonight handed the Egyptian Ambassador in London, a document destined for the Egyptian President, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The 16-minute interview was held at the Egyptian Embassy. On leaving the Embassy, Mr Menzies told newspapermen:

"I hope to get a reply this weekend. The Ambassador said he would transmit the message to President Nasser as soon as possible."—France-Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Alaric Jacob discusses the debunking of Stalin.

P. 6: The most exciting pictures ever shown... selections from 'The Family of Man' exhibition selected by Edward Steichen.

P. 7: C.D.T. Baker-Carr examines the 40-year-old mystery of Dr Crippen.

P. 8: What kind of parent are you? Mollie Row devices a chart for you to test yourself. Slavery in the 20th century, by Ernest Ashwick, Russell Spurr sends his first report on his third trip into Red China. He reports the flood threat to Harbin.

P. 13: Frank Cousins, outside of Downing Street, holds the most powerful job in Britain, by Robert J. Edwards. William Hickley.

P. 14: Nasser: Spain on books, Peter Buchanan on records.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sport round-up.

Tranquillity Broken CYPRUS BOMB EXPLOSION

Nicosia, Aug. 24.

A Greek Cypriot was killed and another seriously wounded tonight by an explosion in the Larnaca area, southeast Cyprus.

An official statement said the explosion was "believed to have been caused by a bomb."

The incident occurred three miles southeast of Athienou, apparently in open country.

It was not immediately clear whether the incident was political, signalling a sudden renewal of violence by the Eoka underground organisation.

The last death attributed to Eoka terrorists occurred in Nicosia nine days ago just before Eoka proclaimed its "ceasefire" order to pave the way for political negotiations on the Greek Cypriot claim for self-determination.—Reuter.

Singapore Youths Attack Bus

Singapore, Aug. 24.

More than 20 youths tonight threw empty bottles, iron bars, bicycle chains and stones at a bus travelling through Singapore's Chinatown, police reported.

The conductor, driver and 12 passengers aboard the bus were not hurt, police said. About 100 policemen rushed to the scene, but the youths had fled.—Reuter.

Destroyer Sails

London, Aug. 24.

The destroyer Al Qabir, sold by Britain to the Egyptian Government, left Portsmouth harbour tonight for Egypt, the Admiralty announced in London. Another British destroyer sold to Egypt and renamed the Al Fateh, is still in Portsmouth and was to undergo its last tests shortly.—France-Press.

UN EMPLOYEE IS DISMISSED FOR SPYING RUSSIAN WHO TRIED TO GET AIRCRAFT SECRETS

United Nations, Aug. 24.

A Soviet translator in the United Nations Secretariat, Viktor Ivanovich Petrov, was dismissed today after the American State Department had accused him of trying to obtain vital security information.

Simultaneous communiques from the UN Bureau of Personnel and the American delegation announced that Petrov had been dismissed by the Secretary-General, Dag Hammarskjold, for engaging in activities outside the scope of his duties as a United Nations employee and incompatible with the rules of conduct of international civil servants.

The UN Secretariat disclosed that Petrov had left the United States yesterday. His dismissal took effect today.

The American communique stated that Hammarskjold had decided to dismiss Petrov after having examined information sent to him last week by the State Department concerning the translator's activities. The information which had been gathered by the Justice Department, proved that Petrov had tried to obtain information vital to the security and defence of the United States, the communique said.

The Third Case

Petrov, who is 31 years old and a native of Moscow, entered the UN Secretariat as a translator on February 2, 1953. His wife and daughter lived with him in New York, but have returned to the Soviet Union.

His is the third case of its kind in the United Nations. The first and most famous was that of Valentin Gulevich, who was dismissed and expelled from the United States in 1949 after having been compromised in a case of espionage with a young American official, Judith Coplon.

The Justice Department today accused Viktor Petrov, of having tried to bribe an American technician to give him secret defence information.

The Justice Department communique stated that Petrov had contacted an aircraft company employee through a newspaper advertisement offering part-time industrial design work. At first, Petrov asked the employee to copy diagrams from freely available aeronautical magazines.

His Offer

It soon became evident to the employee that Petrov was more anxious to develop friendly relations with him than to get drawings of diagrams already available, the communique said.

After several months Petrov announced that he would give large amounts of money for details on planes built by the company where the employee worked. He also asked if the employee had any friends at the factory who needed money and who could get such information.

SHOOTING DOWN OF US PLANE

One Body Found By Destroyer

Washington, Aug. 24.

The body of one of the 16 crew of a naval patrol plane shot down north of Formosa earlier this week has been recovered, the Navy said tonight.

The Navy said the body of an aviation electronics technician was found by a destroyer "in international waters" off the China coast amid wreckage of the Mercator patrol plane which disappeared after a brief message saying it was under attack.

The destroyer found the wreckage and body about 230 miles NNE of Formosa, the Navy said.—Reuter.

IKE CONFERS

Monterey, Aug. 24.

President Eisenhower conferred by telephone today with Under-Secretary of State Robert C. Murphy about the shooting down of a US Navy plane off Formosa.

White House press secretary James C. Hagerty said he expected the State Department to have a statement on the affair before the day was over, but that the White House would have no comment until the chief executive received additional information.

During the morning Eisenhower received a confidential report on the Suez conference in London from Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Dulles will return to the United States sometime tomorrow and report immediately to the President by telephone. Dulles will not come to California to see Mr Eisenhower.—United Press.

3 Die In Forest Fire

Grasse, Aug. 24.

Three policemen were burned to death and 10 other persons were reported missing today in a battle against a raging forest fire which swept the hills above Grasse on the French Riviera in the past 24 hours.

Three other fire fighters were sent to hospital with burns suffered in the wind-driven blaze which roared along in a wide area four miles north of Grasse's perfume capital. Hundreds of volunteers answered the fire bell this morning when the blaze, fanned

by stiff and changing winds, threatened Grasse.

Latest reports said the blaze had razed more than 500 hectares and threatened the Chateaubert perfume works. Constantly changing winds made it difficult for fire-fighters to burn breaks in the path of the blaze.

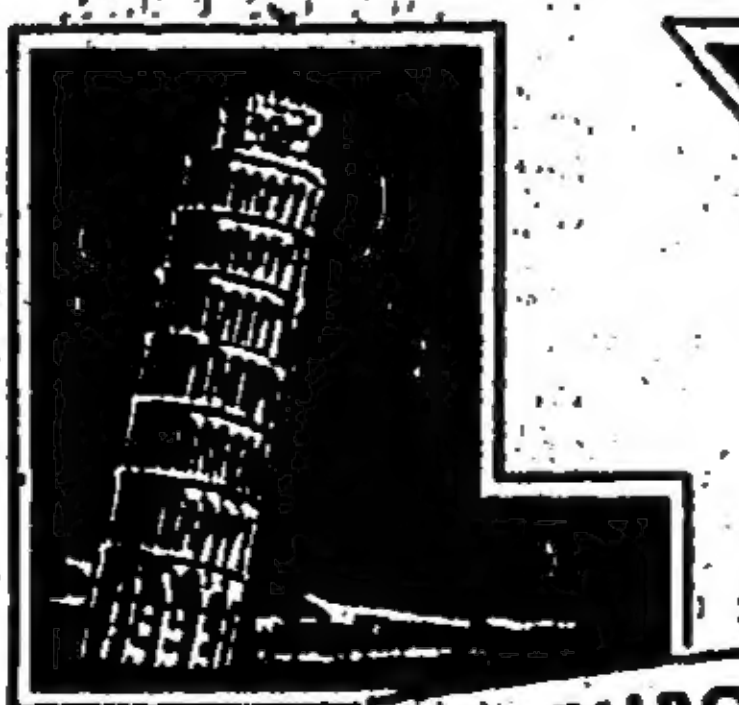
The fire stemmed from several spot blazes which broke out here on Wednesday. Firemen brought them under control yesterday, but stiff winds fanned them to life early today.—France-Press.



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SHOWING TO-DAY

A Singing, Dancing Delight!

GEORGE Gobel
MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN



REGINALD GARDNER • FRED CLARK
Produced by PAUL JONES • Directed by NORMAN TAYLOR
Screenplay by BOBBY SHELTON and NORTON STURGES
Music by Elmer Bernstein

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KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
20th Century-Fox Warner Bros. present
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M-G-M

TOM and JERRY CARTOON FESTIVAL



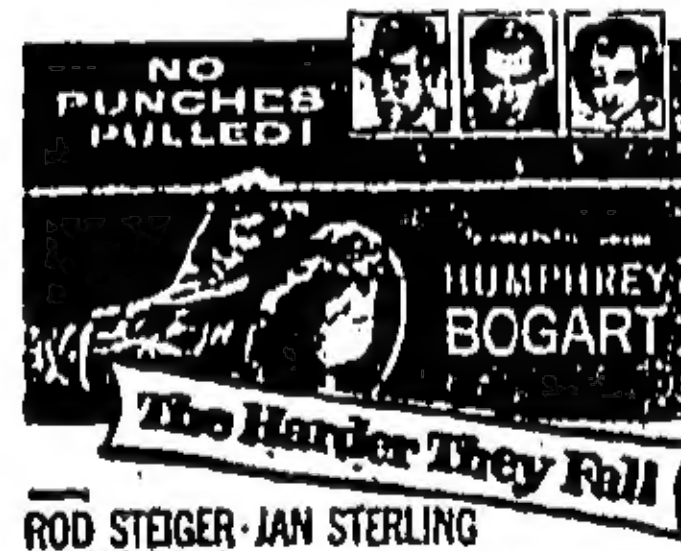
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"WATERLOO BRIDGE" "LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME"
Robert TAYLOR James CAGNEY

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SHOWING TO-DAY SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
Marilyn MONROE
in
"RIVER OF NO
RETURN"
in CinemaScope



To-morrow Morning Show
Doris DAY in
"LUCKY ME"
CinemaScope & Warner Color

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

PLEASE NOTE SHOWING TIMES
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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
"THE ROBE" "THE VERA CRUZ"
CinemaScope

FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures



Walter Pidgeon and friend Robby the Robot in "The Forbidden Planet", coming to the Hoover.



Mitzi Gaynor and George Gobel in a scene from "The Birds and the Bees".

Cheerful Film

His billing above David Niven sums up the distinction. The English actor, as a likable card sharp, came for more laughs, and two subsidiary funny men—Fred Clark and Reginald Gardner—are quite as entertaining as Gobel. I am prepared to admit though, that humour is the most elusive of reactions and what bores one person may send another into paroxysms of mirth. Gobel may well be an acquired taste, but walking into a cupboard instead of a corridor, holding an absent-minded conversation with an elderly woman who has replaced his girl friend at his side during a boat deck stroll and keeping a snake in his shirt are jokes too old for repetition. In spite of the disappointment of finding Gobel not quite

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: Tom and Jerry cartoons, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Birds and the Bees": Comedy involving an adventuresome, her gambling father and her glibly boy friend, David Niven, Mitzi Gaynor, George Gobel. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Mademoiselle Pigalle": A French comedy, Brigitte Bardot, Michel Auclair, Misha Auer. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Flame and the Arrow": A swash-buckler, Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Private Property": British Army comedy, Bill Halsey, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. "The Harder They Fall": A western, Rod Steiger, Jan Sterling. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit": A comedy, Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Forbidden Planet": Adventures in space, Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, Leslie Nielsen. "The Harder They Fall": A western, Rod Steiger, Jan Sterling. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit": A comedy, Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rock Around the Clock": A musical, Bill Halsey, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. "The Flame and the Arrow": A swash-buckler, Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Private Property": A British Army comedy, Bill Halsey, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. "The Harder They Fall": A western, Rod Steiger, Jan Sterling. "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit": A comedy, Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March.

with one or two really good comedy lines going to Arthur Kennedy.
Good colourful entertainment.

Brigitte Again

"Mademoiselle Pigalle" is a French comedy starring the Brigitte Bardot who was so appealing in "Doctor At Sea". The familiar story of a father trying to live up to the "respectable" role he has cast himself in the eyes of his teenage daughter is the theme, though in this case the study side of Mademoiselle Bardot's father's life is nothing more reprehensible than being the owner of a night club. However, to hide the fact he goes to great trouble, getting involved with the police and with underworld characters. Finally he is forced to ask the star of his cabaret to hide the girl. Coy, kittenish Brigitte Bardot is a somewhat advanced school-girl and with an air of wide-eyed innocence demolishes the singer's romance with a woman doctor, shocks his valet, plays poker with the valet's friends and in general causes a good deal of chaos before the happy ending. The familiar face of Misha Auer, who has presumably forsaken Hollywood, makes a welcome reappearance.

Swashbuckler

"The Flame and the Arrow" allows Burt Lancaster to show off his athletic prowess to his heart's content. He was once a circus acrobat and seems to have kept in trim despite the rigours of Hollywood life.

I commented earlier on the sustained popularity of Tony Curtis. Perhaps a lot to do with it is the fact that whatever he does he goes at it wholeheartedly. In the circus film "Trapeze" in which he appears with Burt Lancaster and which we shall be seeing here soon, he was coached by Lancaster to perform all the risky tricks used by the older man in his original act.

But to return to Burt Lancaster. His title in "The Flame and the Arrow" is Dardo the Arrow—due, presumably to his proficiency at flying through the air with the greatest of ease. This swashbuckler takes place in medieval Italy which at the time was crawling with usurers and impostors—usually nobody knew which was which. As Burt Lancaster is chief of a mountain band of insurgents, however, you'll be safe in assuming that the legitimate ruler in power is the villain.

Fighting on castle steps, in dungeons and from castle walls is the main ingredient of this picture, with Virginia Mayo standing by looking suitably melting while she is waiting to be rescued.

Rock 'n Roll

Musicals featuring famous bands have to my mind been very lukewarm affairs on the musical side. Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Eddy Duchin have all had their bands paraded on the screen and the musical background, though pleasant, has left no lasting impression.

Whether or not Bill Haley's Comets will still be household words a year from today—in spite of the storm their "rock and roll" playing has aroused—remains to be seen, but their style could certainly never be described as lukewarm.

"Rock Around the Clock" is not loud, insidious and definitely for jazz fans only. I was fascinated by it and intend to see it a second time. The actors in it don't matter very much though what they do is smooth enough. You'll go to see this if you like the jungle beat of rock and roll jazz—a combination of the old live, with a bit of square dance influence and a hint of traditional Dixieland.

Hoodlum At Heart

Skip Homely, who has been specialising in killer roles, is given a chance to reform in "Stranger At My Door".

He is still a hoodlum at heart when he rides to an isolated farm planning to use it as a hideaway until he can shake off the law. The plan is grand by the hoodlum's standards, though not so much by the law's. He is made to try to make him see the error of his ways.

proposes toast after toast to the assembled guests, dashing his glass to the floor after each one and causing the others to follow suit.

Clark's face is a study in chagrin as he struggles to appear nonchalant in the face of this bull's-eye blow at his pocket.

The title song—a duet between Mitzi Gaynor and George Gobel—is insignificant, but her solo number "La Fanciulla" is much better. Although reminiscent of Doris Day, Mitzi Gaynor has a charm of her own and it is pity that she has not been given more dancing to do in "The Birds and the Bees".

Western

Tony Curtis has come a long way since his early days of popularity with the teenage group.

It seemed then that although he had the flashy good looks, the swagger and the bounce suitable for action roles, that there were far too many of his type in the field for him to stand any chance of staying the course.

He has since proved this wrong and the varied roles he has taken have afforded him the experience he lacked.

"The Rawhide Years" has a fairly routine story—gambling on the Mississippi river, boots back in the late 19th century, a girl running a dance hall, a falling out with a hero whose hot-headedness is the principal cause of his attraction for trouble. But Tony Curtis brings an extra little something to the picture that turns it into more than a run of the mill period piece.

He has been given an able supporting actor as his running mate and he and Arthur Kennedy make a happy partnership, alternately helping and doubting each other with cheerful good nature. Although superior to Curtis in "The Rawhide Years", Kennedy plays his part as though he is really enjoying it, not merely mugging.

Before the end of the picture however, we've come to like them all—and, naturally, in necessity has neatly and gently turned the tables on sophistication.

Fred Clark's big scene is one of the best. David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor are posing as two members of the French aristocracy. Fred Clark is Gobel's father and in spite of being a self-made man, self-conscious about his humble origin. Unsure of himself with his supposedly distinguished visitors, he has ordered the most expensive crystal to be brought out for the big dinner party unaware that his father and daughter, because of a grudge against an Gobel are out to hood him in underhanded ways.

When, as self-made men, are humiliated, it is not to suffer in silence as Niven

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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MADMOISELLE PIGALLE

(CETTE SACRÉE GAMINE)
Starring
BRIGITTE BARDOT
JEAN BRETONNIERE

IN EASTMAN COLOUR

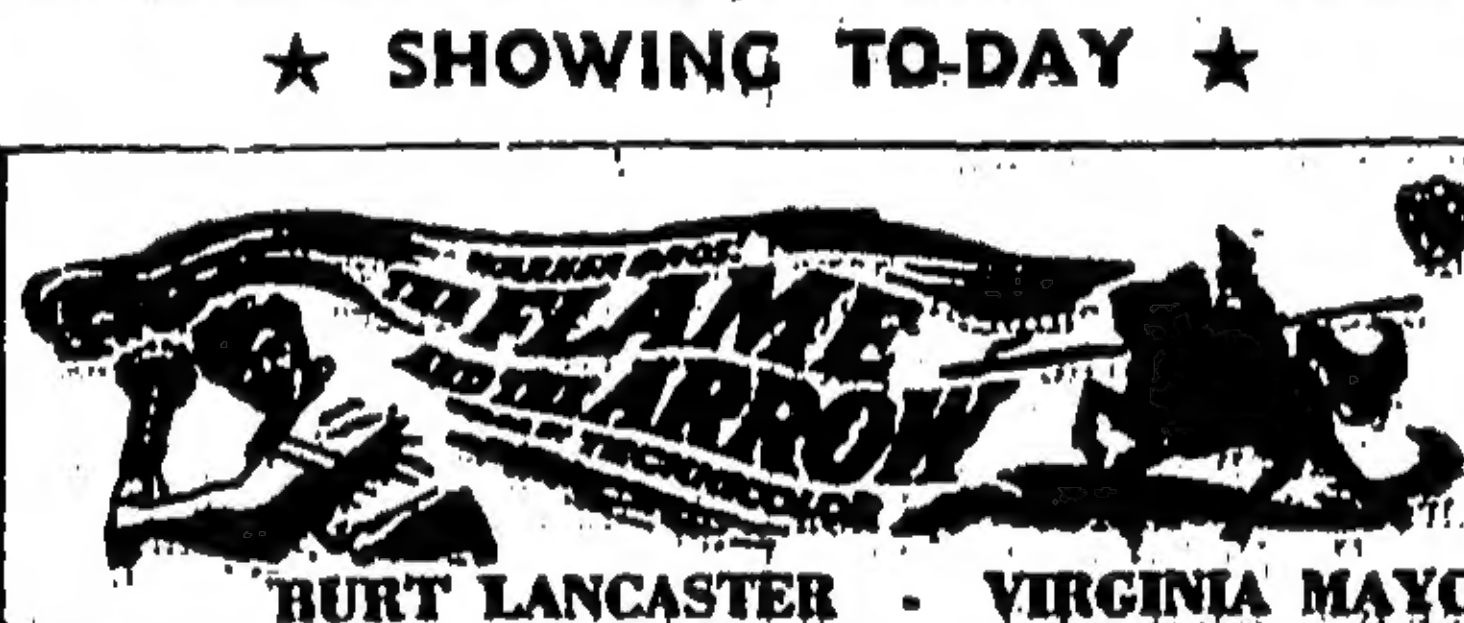
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GREAT WORLD: Fox Colour Cartoons

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

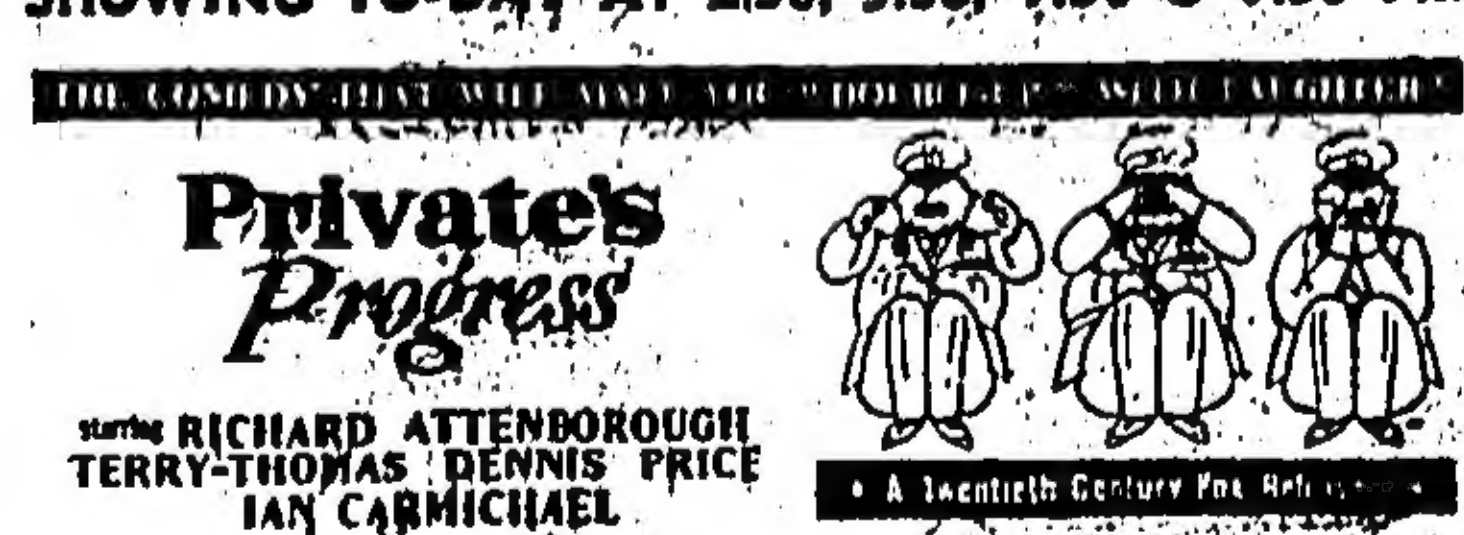
SHOWING TO-DAY



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
5 SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
"THE FLAME AND THE ARROW" Universal-International
COLOR CARTOONS Reduced Prices

ROXY BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents LATEST TECHNICOLOR
In CinemaScope & Color CARTOONS
Presented by United Artists

"HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE"
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At Reduced Prices

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

RUBBER TYRES FOR PARIS METRO

Plan To Modernise Veteran Subway System

QUIETER, FASTER AND CHEAPER

Paris. Paris's wheezing subway system many of its cars date back to before World War I will start putting cars with inflated rubber tyres into service this autumn.

The R.A.T.P. (Regie Autonome Des Transports Parisiens) says the new trains will be quieter, faster, cheaper to run and able to carry more passengers.

The rubber tyres will allow faster starts and stops. Thus the interval between the passages of two consecutive trains will be reduced from a minimum of one minute 45 seconds to one minute 35 seconds.

Doors (four on each side of each car) will be broader (one yard and a half instead of one yard) to give passengers more room to get in and out. Eventually, automatic pilots are planned.

MORE ROOM

There will be more room. One of the new trains will carry 816 passengers as against 745 in the present trains. More seats will be available 249 instead of 174.

The total passenger carrying capacity of each line using pneumatic tyres will be increased by 20 per cent.

The new carriages will also be more comfortable. Fluorescent lights, softer seats and walls covered with tufted fabric.

The doors will open, according to the Metro Press agents, much more easily than the tubular doors of the present cars. The doors of Metro trains have to be heaved open.

TWO TYRES

The tyres of Metro support the characteristic rattling noise of the Parisian Metro.

The wheels will be double. One, bearing all the weight, will roll on a wooden track. Its tyre will be like that of a heavy truck.

The second, with a hard rubber tyre, will guide the other and bear no weight except in case of a blow-out.

The new subway type will permit a narrower tunnel, because no ballast and no cross ties will be needed. New tunnels, if any, will be straighter because the new trains can roll on steeper slopes.

The track will be less expensive.

The new cars will be tried out this autumn on one of the city's 14 lines. If they prove satisfactory, the two busiest lines will be equipped with rubber tyred trains.

SCENT FAILED

The most crowded of the remaining lines will get the extra rolling stock and use trains made up of five instead of four carriages.

Paris streets are overcrowded with cars and city authorities hope for a wider use of the Metro. The R.A.T.P. is modernising its platforms and even tried spraying perfumes in the subway to attract scent-conscious Parisians but that experiment failed.

The new carriages are part of a five-year modernisation plan of Parisian Metro which may cost 20,000,000 francs (about £20 million).—United Press.

'Boil Cure' Turned Lethal With Vitamin

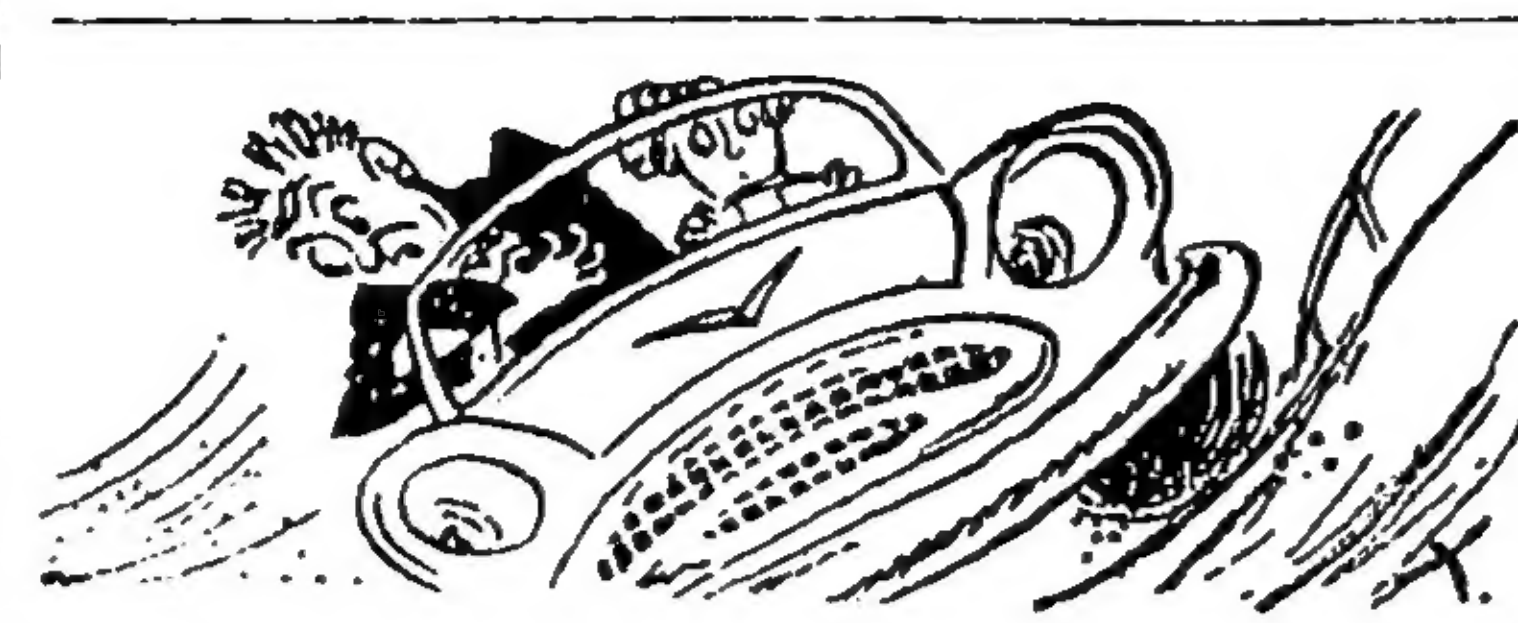
Paris. Victims of a patent medicine for boils that turned lethal when mixed with vitamin D can claim immediate financial compensation a French court ruled last week.

French authorities said the poison, called "Stalbon" killed 100 people and made 133 more gravely ill in 1954.

Six insurance companies, the court said, have earmarked 900 million francs for damage claims.

Victims certified — or their heirs — who do not want to wait for the trial of the firm that marketed "Stalbon" may apply for an immediate settlement, the court said.

The medicine made its appearance in 1954. It was put out by



Home-cured: In Baytown, Texas, Mrs Daniel E. Ellis took her husband for a drive while he was recuperating from a heart attack. Lost control, bounced down a steep embankment, crashed into a truck and cement mixer at the bottom. Mrs. Ellis was injured, but had to return her husband to the hospital for treatment of lacerations, explained: "I was driving to relieve him of any physical strain."

HE'S JUST WRITTEN THE LONGEST POEM IN THE WORLD

Rome. The noise forced 14-year-old Renzo Colombini away from his books. He was pale and thin from not enough sun and too much reading and studying to be a school-teacher.

He knew already he was a poet and on that day of the snow, November 4, 1918 Renzo saw an enthusiastic crowd embracing one another in the streets, the tri-colour flag fluttering from every window, and women with tears in their eyes.

It was the end of the war against Austria and Renzo Colombini felt a burning desire to write a poem which would exalt the victory and history of his country.

Worked For 22 Years

Today, after nearly 38 years, he considers the poem finished. And Renzo Colombini, at 52, a teacher at the little school of Sogara near Verona, married with four children, has perhaps written the longest poem in the world.

For two years Colombini searched for an idea and then between 1920 and 1925 the poem emerged in design. In 1926 at Livorno he began to construct the verses working for 22 years every night. At the end of 1948 the long poem was complete with 50,000 verses.

Two characters, Sardobbia, a conspirator, and Silvia, a romantic girl, move through an intricate pattern of the past, the future, of pleasure and work, of love and philosophy, from the Earth to an Ultramundane.

The story covers a mystic world of theology, cosmogony, astrology and metaphysics. New words and expressions had to be invented for Sardobbia and Silvia, which will not be found in the dictionary.

Pruned It Down

After 1948 Colombini began an eight-year, heart-rending but necessary pruning of his poem, smoothing it down to 30,000 verses. He divided it into three sections, the first called "Human Tragedy," which is the title of his poem, the second "Comedy Arcana" and the third "Divine Drama." Each section is subdivided into six "armonie" (harmonies) of 100 "ritmi" (rhythms), four "disarmonie" of 36 "antiritmi" and two "super-armonie" of 20 "super-ritmi". Three copies of this colossal poem exist. One Colombini possesses, a second is in the care of a trusted friend in Milan for a publisher to see, and the

DIVERS FIND SUNKEN CITY?

Rome. Skin divers may have found the legendary sunken city of Conca, waiting out the centuries beneath the Adriatic Sea.

What appears to be its mossy ruins are lying a half mile off the fishing village of Gubice, just about where Pliny the Elder said they would be.

The old Roman naturalist never managed to prove the existence of Conca before he died in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Aldo Piva, 40-year-old railway worker, and his five associates in the Rimini Underwater Sports Club may lend him a hand.

Ever since Pliny legends have passed among fishermen that the old city, also known as Crastulum, is out there a fathom down.

FOUND RUINS

Acting on fishermen's reports, the skin divers rented a boat and rowed 900 yards off-shore between Ostia and Gubice.

After several dives they found an area about 600 feet long, at a depth of several fathoms, in which were scattered pieces of ruins.

Piva said he saw parts of a wall about 150 ft long, an arch nearly buried in sand, and a column 25 inches in diameter surmounted by a stone eagle, symbol of ancient Rome.

YOU FALL MORE SLOWLY HERE

London. At Warringham village in Surrey everything weighs less than it does anywhere else.

It means that husbands who drop plates when washing-up have a better chance of catching them before they hit the floor.

For everything at Warringham takes a split second longer to fall.

The reason is that Warringham has an inexplicable "gravity deficiency."

This was first diagnosed by oil company experts seven years ago.

Ever since the experts have been trying to find out what sort of rock—the known cause of the deficiency—it is that helps Warringham plate-droppers.

This week a Government geological survey, to cost £25,000, began sinking a test borehole which will enable the testing of rocks a mile below Warringham.

A drill similar to those used on oilfields will work six days a week, 24 hours a day.

Warringham's hole in the ground will cost up to £20 a foot if the going is bad.

The villagers reckon it's an expensive way of satisfying curiosity.

An American Buys Killarney

It Made The Irish Fighting Mad

Dublin. FEW Irish eyes were smiling in Killarney last week. The people are fighting mad. They are angry with Premier Costello and his Government.

Why, they are asking, was American broker Mr Stuart Robertson allowed to buy their 8,000 picture-postcard acres of lakes and fells?

The reported price was £100,000.

In the 70 pubs of Killarney town, in plushy hotel cocktail bars and in every thatched cottage dotted around the sell-out is being condemned.

A special meeting of the Killarney Tourist Development Company, who had raised £10,000 towards buying the estate, was held in the town last week. Bitterly the Government's inaction was condemned.

Tourist Chief 'Ashamed'

Mr Donald Collins, former president of the Irish Tourist Association, a prominent Killarney man, said earlier: "I am ashamed of my people and my race that would not buy back the land which belongs to them."

Sixty miles away Alderman Stephen Coughlan, Mayor of Limerick, said: "I think it is disgraceful the way the sale has been rushed through. This sale to a foreigner leaves the prosperity of the South of Ireland, catering for tourists, in jeopardy."

Mr Henry J. Downey, of Killarney Urban Council and a director of the Irish Tourist Board, was "disappointed that we in Killarney were not given sufficient time to raise the money." He added: "The Government does not come out well in this at all."

Meanwhile, as he drove his daily painted jaunting car around the lakes and fells, Mr Martin Spellman was worried. So he decided to ring his new chief in Palm Beach, Florida, 5,000 miles away.

Martin and 110 more Jarveys* like him were concerned about the future. So were the 60 or more boatmen who ply on the three great lakes.

'A Grand Man'

Mr Spellman dialled the international exchange and asked to be put through to 89-year-old Mr Robertson. For 15 minutes he and "the boss" talked. As word of the chat spread through the town, strained faces eased into smiles for the first time in days.

Martin said to me: "Sure he's a grand man, I told him of how worried we were. But he came straight back at me: 'Please tell everyone concerned I will do everything to protect your interests.'"

"Mr Robertson told me that he had no intention of commercialising the area or harming it in any way. He hoped to be in Killarney next month, and promised to meet all the Jarveys and boatmen."

* JARVEY: Jaunting-car or horse-drawn driver.

The estate has been owned for 400 years by the Earls of Kenmare.

BUT HE GOT IT PARKED!

Deal. A hotel porter at this seaside resort who offered to park a guest's car, did so after hitting five others.—United Press.

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WHALE GOT AWAY



Vancouver. Five men fishing in a 12ft rowing boat off Vancouver Island, caught a whale on a 20lb line.

They did not manage to land it.

In fact, at one stage it looked as if the whale might land them.

"The whale came close and seemed to head right for our boat," said Col. MacInnes, one of the five.

"I tried to move the boat out of the way. As I did, the whale caught in my line."

"The tow lasted only a minute at about four miles an hour—but it seemed much longer. Then I cut the line."

"That whale was glad to go his way, and we were glad to go ours."

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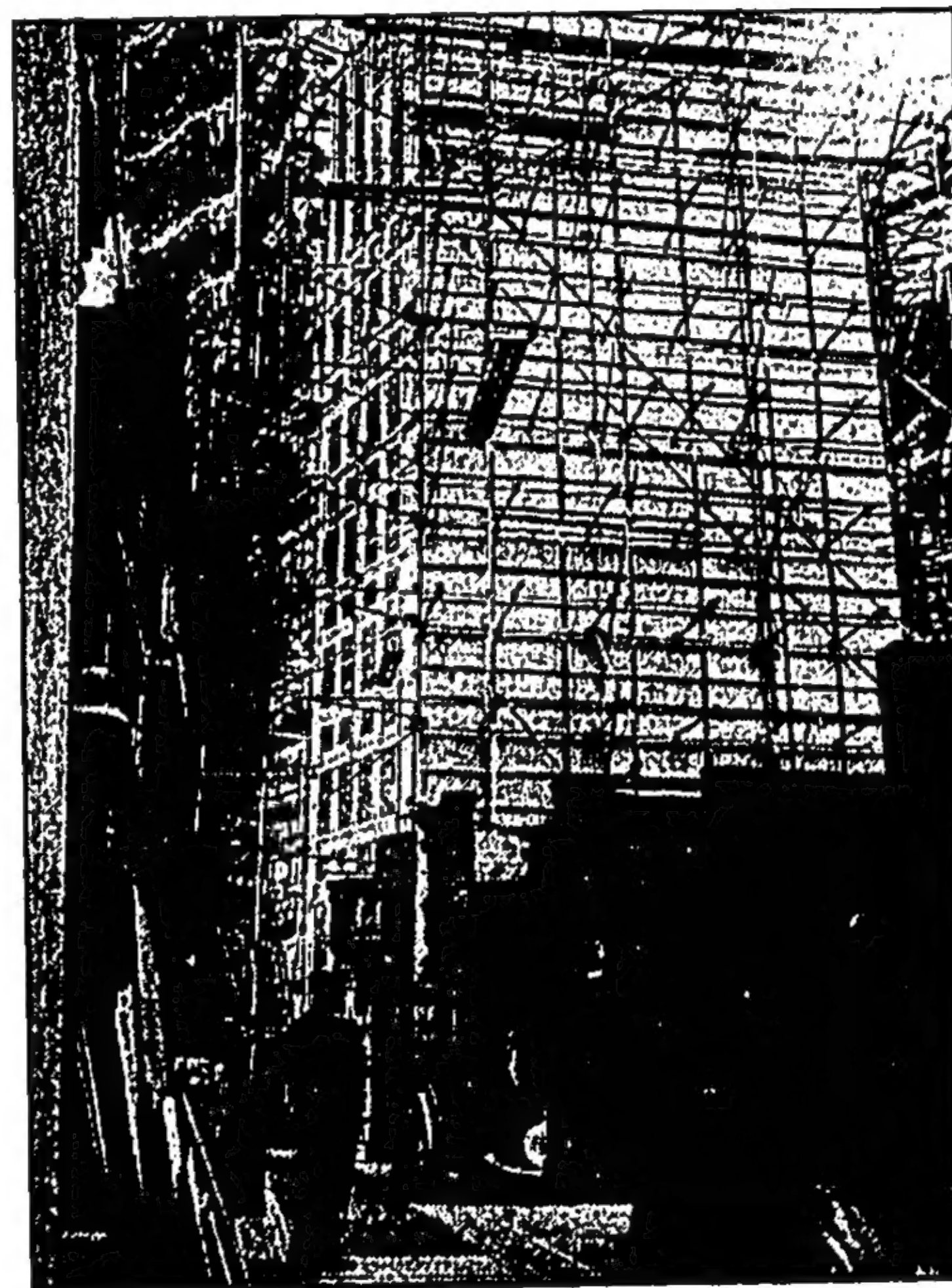
DUBLIN'S most frantic ball of the year was the Galway Blazers Hunt Ball in the Gresham Hotel. Debutantes let their hair down, shoes came off, the bread started flying. About 4 a.m. tablecloths were swept off, girls lifted up and carried in them. Picture shows a debutante being tossed in a tablecloth. (Express)



RIGHT: Almost no one gave a second glance at the girl in the blue drainpipe trousers who went cycling with her husband on a Sunday afternoon in Windsor Great Park. Only one man, a park keeper, recognised Mrs Arthur Miller as Marilyn Monroe. (Express)

LEFT: The Prime Minister and Lady Eden went unheralded to a London theatre where they celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary by watching Peter Ustinov's play, "Romanoff and Juliet." They heard Ustinov say: "The night is marvellous, because it's time the Great Powers are asleep . . . conserving their energies for the horrors of the ensuing day." (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



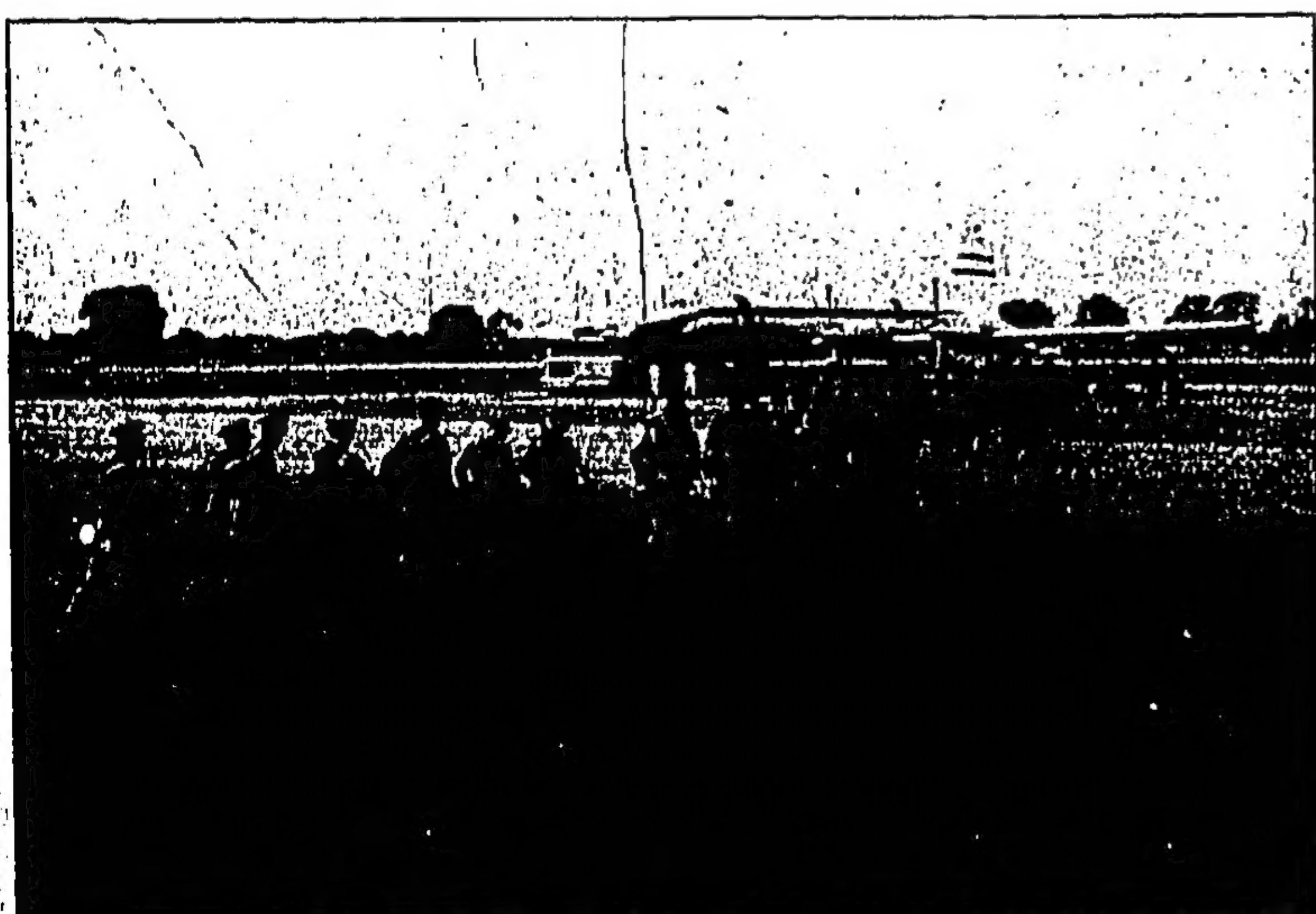
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN on her arrival at the Isle of Iona, in the Western Isles of Scotland. It was the first official visit of a sovereign since war galleys rowed the early chieftains to their last resting places. On Iona is Scotland's "Westminster Abbey," the cathedral where the last Scottish monarch was buried. He was Duncan I, said to have been murdered by Macbeth. (Express)



NOW the camera shifts to London to record the antics of today's youth. Here a group of debutantes and their escorts surround the fountain in Trafalgar Square as the girls look for a marked penny in the water. Prize for finding it was two bottles of champagne. Policemen arrived after a while and shooed the merrymakers away. (Express)



EGYPT'S "Dancing Major" Salah Salem went dancing in a London restaurant soon after he arrived to report the Suez conference for his newspaper, Al Shaab (The People). He earned the nickname in 1953 when he stripped to his underpants and capered with South Sudanese tribesmen. The Major is second from left. (Express)

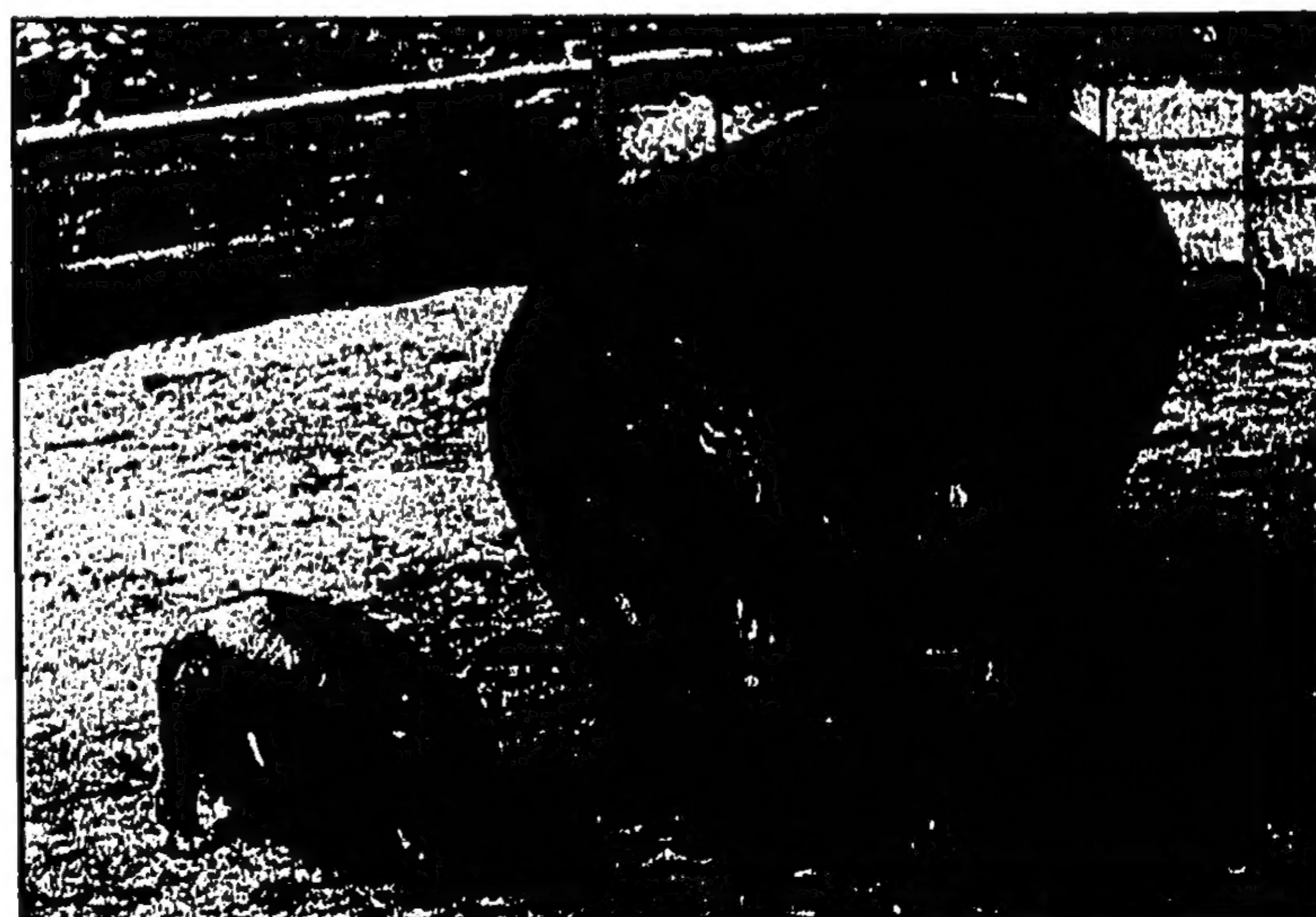


TROOPS board a Britannia airliner at an English airfield — the advance elements of the big British airlift to the Mediterranean crisis area. The first troops to go were advance units of three infantry battalions — the Somerset Light Infantry, the Royal Berkshires and the Duke of Wellingtons. (Express)

LEFT: The scene in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, where windows over 70 feet high, which are to be placed in the Nave of the new Coventry Cathedral, are on view. This shot gives a glimpse of how the windows are held up for public view. (Army News)



LONDON musical star Lizbeth Webb, 30, and her fiancé, Colonel Guy Campbell, 48, commander of the British Military Mission to Libya and heir to wealthy Scottish baronet, Sir Guy Campbell. Miss Webb is giving up the stage after her marriage in September, and will join her husband at his headquarters in Tripoli. (Express)



LEFT: BELINDA, two-ton-plus hippo at Whipsnade Zoo, with her as yet unnamed son, born half a month ago. The frail creature weighed 66 lb at birth, but is now 75 lb. Father is called Henry. He weighs three tons. But it was the youngster the crowds at the Zoo have been flocking to see. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"Come, O Wide One, the colonel hath need of thee."

LOOK OUT Mr KRUSHCHEV OR HE WILL CRUSH YOU

By
ALARIC JACOB

THOUGH it is 13 years now since I began to make my living as a student of Soviet affairs I have but one contribution to make towards unravelling the Krushchev-Stalin mystery: my good visual memory.

Unfortunately for Nikita Krushchev, I can remember the look on his face when, on a wartime occasion, I saw him and Stalin together. It was a look of wide-eyed, unbounded admiration.

Impossible to misread the message in the eye of a man who feels himself drawn towards another by the deepest feelings of loyalty and respect.

Impossible, therefore, for me to take seriously the stream of vilification which Krushchev has poured forth about the man he once revered above all others in the world.

REVOLTING

SOME people may derive amusement from the spectacle of Krushchev dancing a wild Ukrainian Gopak on his master's grave—after taking three years to summon up enough courage to go into his own.

I find the spectacle revolting, and I would say to my countrymen: "Beware, beware of any man who is excessively anxious to please!"

Mr K. has delighted many in the Western world by telling them just what they wished to hear. He has confirmed their view of Stalin as a bloodthirsty tyrant and murderer, has told them, in effect, that against such a man they were quite right to wage the cold war.

'RUTHLESS'

KRUSHCHEV says that Stalin was ruthless, conspiratorial, egocentric, "sickly suspicious," that he placed himself above the law and violated the Constitution he himself had created. It is true that, from a Marxist viewpoint many of Stalin's acts were completely wrong, while the cult of his personality reached extremes which would be reckoned absurd and harmful in any society—even a Western society which glorifies in film stars and royal personages. But now that the tidal wave of Krushchev's oratory has swept past, changing our whole perspective in its passage, we can

look back and see that one stubborn feature stands unchanged—the greatness of Josef Stalin.

For 25 years Stalin was first in the minds not the least of his countrymen.

He never won their hearts, or inspired affection, as Lenin did. He inspired respect and mental allegiance.

WORLD-CHANGER

HE was truly a man of destiny, who altered the whole shape of the world into which he was born. As a world-changer he must be ranked alongside Mohammed and in the great power of good and evil that battled within him, he is to be compared with Napoleon, Cromwell, and Julius Caesar.

He was not a good man. He was that much rarer thing, a great one.

Except for a brief period during the war, he has never been understood by the British and this is strange, for Napoleon never lacked admirers in England, even when he came closest to destroying us.

But so far as the Russian people are concerned, Stalin needs no monument. They have only to look around their great country to remember Stalin.

Krushchev could remove his body from the Lenin Mausoleum tomorrow and desecrate it—Cromwell's remains were desecrated—but Krushchev cannot expunge a page of history which is still fresh in the minds of 200 million people.

UN-MARXIST?

WHEN Stalin came to power Russia was a decrepit, war-ravaged, illiterate nation still awaiting industrialisation. When he died Russia possessed the second greatest economy in the world. Her world influence had reached a peak which the Czars had only dreamed about, and the Soviet Communist Party, with Stalin at its head, stood in the leadership of one-third of the human race.

All very un-Marxist, says Mr K. Yet it happened. It happened without a penny of foreign investment and despite the active hostility of most of the world.

It happened because the Soviet people carried out Stalin's directives; because the people, as Krushchev admits, supported him—and especially, the directive which is found in the great speech he made to the managers of Soviet industry 25 years ago. What did Comrade Stalin say in 1931? Something like this: "In 1931, something like this: 'We can much more important than they did for a sham."

anything Mr Gladstone said in 1885.

Stalin said this: "The history of old Russia is the history of defeats due to backwardness. She was beaten by the Mongol Khans. She was beaten by the Turkish Beyas. She was beaten by the Swedish feudal barons. She was beaten by the Polish-Lithuanian squires. She was beaten by the Anglo-French capitalists. She was beaten by the barons of Japan."

"All beat her, for her backwardness—military, cultural, governmental, industrial, agricultural. . . . Do you want our Socialist motherland to be beaten and lose her independence? If not, you must put an end to backwardness as fast as possible and develop genuine Bolshevism in building up Socialism."

"There is no other way. We are 50 to 100 years behind the advanced countries. We must cover this distance in 10 years. Either we do this, or they will crush us."

FAITHFUL

PRECISELY 10 years later came the Nazi attack—for which Krushchev says Stalin was quite unprepared.

It was during those 10 years that Russia became the great Power that we know today. And it was because of the "Bolshevik speed" with which that Stalin's crimes and errors came to be committed.

Far from being a spoiled Marxist, as Mr K. suggests, Stalin was a fanatically faithful one. All his misdeeds sprang from an excess of Marxist zeal. "The whole tragedy," as Mr K. says, lies in the fact that Stalin saw every issue "from the position of the interest of the working class . . . and of the victory of Socialism and Communism. We cannot say that these were the deeds of a giddy despot."

Stalin was indeed a man who put the cause he believed in before everything. Lenin set up Marxism as the religion of the Russian people and, with Stalin as high priest, it made him to become the religion of a great part of the human race, with Moscow as the new Rome.

A SHAM?

YET Krushchev has pulled down this temple. In the war and in the world-wide disturbances that came after, tens of thousands of people died with Stalin's name on their lips. They did not die for the Central Committee or for the cause of Collective Leadership. But Krushchev says, in effect, that they died for a sham.



I think the British people had sound instincts about Stalin when, during the war, they spoke of "good old Joe."

They were not idealising him. They knew him for a rough old customer, no better than he should be, but they recognised in him the great qualities of leadership which he undoubtedly possessed and without which no world movement—whether it be good or bad—can hope to prosper.

In the last year of the war I had an illuminating talk with Apollon Petrov, the Soviet Ambassador to China.

Petrov was an admirer of China as well as a Russian patriot and, being rather drunk at the time, he said some things which Krushchev might heed with profit today.

"The Chinese people," said Petrov, "are the most formidable people in the world because with rotten leadership, or no leadership at all, they created a high civilisation."

"They are so diligent and intelligent that once they have mastered Marxism, only the most brilliant leadership on our side will enable us to keep pace with their achievements. If our leadership proves inadequate, we shall fall behind and China will supplant us as the leader of the Socialist world."

HIS OFFER

WHAT then does Krushchev offer in place of Stalin's leadership? Anything now?

The world peace movement and the campaign for peaceful co-existence date from Stalin's time.

The need to protect the liberty of the subject was recognised long before Stalin died. In February 1947 the president of the Legislative Committee of the Supreme Soviet, George Perov, announced that the Cabinet had entrusted his committee with the task of modernising the legal code. And Petrov had said: "The right

of citizens to the protection of habitus corpus is not reflected nor is the right of an accused person to defence in all circumstances provided for all under the law as it stands."

No doubt Krushchev would say that Benu pigeon-holed the work of that committee, but to imply, as Krushchev does, that all was darkness in Stalin's last years until Krushchev cried: "Let there be light!" is supreme nonsense.

I think it is a rash act for Mr Krushchev to pull down the temple that Stalin built. Even if he escapes the falling masonry, Krushchev must still set to and build a better one.

So far as we in the West are concerned, I would say: Don't sell Stalin short. His stock, so low today, may well revive.

RASH

MR K's new prospectus appears attractive, but does it look at least 10 years ahead, as Stalin did?

There are many men of first-class ability in the Soviet Union today and Mr K. is undoubtedly one of them. Yet at 62 and prematurely aged, like all Stalin's old guard, by overwork—he does not look the sort of man to spark the enthusiasm of Russian youth.

He just does not look a player to me. He talks too much, travels too much, is rash and brash by nature. He lacks dignity and self-control.

Stalin sat quietly in the Kremlin and let the world come to him. He opened his mouth about once a year so that every word he uttered was weighed and assessed in every country of the world.

Stalin—for all his black deeds—was a master of theory and of statecraft. Krushchev is just a politician.

I doubt that any more politician can lead Russia still less inspire the Communist world—for long.

(CONTINUED)

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INTO London's Festival Hall this month came 503 photographs which constitute the most ambitious, challenging, and exultant record of people since photography began.

Every picture portrays people; every picture tells the glory of one moment in the universal experience we all share between birth and dying.

The exhibition — titled "The Family of Man" — is the cream, the quintessence of more than TWO MILLION photographs collected from 68 countries of the world and patiently and lovingly sifted by the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Says the exhibition promoter, Edward Steichen: "It was conceived as a mirror of the universal elements and emotions in the 'everydayness' of life throughout the world."

"For almost three years we searched every corner of the earth for these images. We sifted them until we had 10,000."

"Then came the almost unbearable task of reducing them to 503...."

The China Mail today sifts further to present you a review of this master work, a review, a flashback, and a mirror to unforgettable moments in all our lives.



• **THIS IS YOUR ROMANCE:** this is the moment when only the rhythm of the jazz kept you dancing because you weren't listening to the tune or the crooner. You were listening to love. (But just the same can you ever forget that tune?)



• **THIS IS YOUR QUARREL:** this is the moment when the space between two people on a park bench was immeasurable. And the park was unbecomingly empty until you made it up. Or pretended to



• **THIS IS YOUR FIRST GAME OF CARDS:** the day you first grasped the dazzling conceptions (and deceptions) of chance and luck and gambling this was very innocent but at the time nothing seemed more exaggeratedly "grown up" and so your face exaggerated the way you felt the kick of it. And somehow, now, no game has the same electric thrill.

SAM WHITE LOOKS IN AT CANAL H.Q.

An official sighs for the days of the Pashas

DESPITE the storm its future has provoked in the outer world, a distinctly mid-Victorian calm reigns at the Suez Canal Company's headquarters in Paris.

A visitor has the sensation of intruding on club premises.

Housed in a handsome, four-storey grey-stone building in the heart of Paris's West End, its Alhambra-like quality is heightened by its solid leather upholstered armchairs, the 19th century prints which decorate the walls, and the dignified air of the uniformed attendants.

Could I take a look at its famous board-room where the 32 directors of whom ten are Britons, meet annually, and follow their meeting with an excellent lunch, the cost of which is deducted from their £7,000 a year salary?

GENTLY SHOCKED

The official who received me looked gently shocked. "I'm afraid not," he said. "We do not really like that kind of thing." He went on in his best Foreign Office manner, "very difficult situation. I'm afraid I cannot say much. We are really dealing with a new kind of Egyptian."

"Middle-class types; careerists. Not like the old Turkish pashas we once negotiated with."

The list of directors is studied with names like the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the Baron L. de Benoit, and the Vicomte de Rohan. There is a heavy sprinkling of KGBs and CMGs. Britain's chief representative on the board is Sir Alexander Cadogan, former permanent head of the Foreign Office. The Chairman is 68-year-old M. Francois Charles-Roux, former French Ambassador to the Vatican.

PARIS newsletter

The solitary American member of the board is Mr S. P. Tuck, this year's President of the Travellers' Club in Paris, and former U.S. Ambassador to Cairo.

The permanent administrative head of the company is 59-year-old M. Jacques Georges-Picot, a member of a distinguished and talented French family. Tall, and a first-class tennis player, he heads an all-French permanent staff.

ITS FEARS FADED

Although immediately after the abrogation of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty five years ago, the company feared that it would be nationalised, its fears faded to vanishing point as they signed successive agreements with Nasser.

The latest one, signed only in June, made the company feel completely confident that Nasser would allow its lease of the Canal to run for the remaining 12 years.

This June agreement involves the company in the promise to invest £18 million in Egypt and the initial contribution of £8,000,000 is now deposited in a Cairo bank.

Not only the company was confident of the future, but so also was the Paris Stock Exchange. The Canal shares remained steady right up to the time of Nasser's declaration of nationalisation—a fact which has for ever cured me of any faith in Stock Exchange predictions.

A SURREALIST

THE BRITISH COUNCIL has just made an interesting

appointment to its Paris staff. It has appointed Mr Roland Porrose to the post which has remained unfilled for some time of "Senior Fine Arts Officer."

Mr Porrose, a wealthy man, is himself both a patron of the arts and a painter. He is a friend of Picasso, and is at present working on a book on him. The job sounds pleasant.

Mr Porrose, who already spends a great deal of his time in Paris, will now spend six months of the year here. For this he will be paid a salary of more than £2,000 a year, and this will, of course, be tax free.

Mr Porrose pays an eloquent tribute to the high cost of living in Paris, which I endorse. He says: "Paris is so expensive that I shall have to supplement my salary with my own money."

AT THE DENTIST

AN indication of how deserted Paris is in August is provided by a report of a man who was trapped in his dentist's waiting-room.

M. Picard went to see his dentist who was so preoccupied with his plans to leave that day on holiday that he forgot about his patient waiting in the waiting-room.

After reading all the periodicals in the waiting-room, M. Picard finally became uneasy, and found not only that the surgery was deserted, but he had been locked in by the absent-minded dentist. The police were summoned by phone and he was rescued, only to remember something which he had forgotten in the panic. He still had his toothache.

NEW DISCOVERY

A 17-year-old university student, Claude Franchomme has been chosen to play the role of



FRANCOISE SAGAN
"A bit of a prude"

Cecile, the heroine of Françoise Sagan's best-selling novel "Bonjour Tristesse." Mlle. Franchomme, a flaxen-haired, green-eyed beauty, is a new discovery for the French screen. She is the complete counterpart physically of the heroine of the book.

The film will be directed by Otto Preminger, and work on it will begin in the autumn. Meanwhile Mlle. Sagan is having trouble with the film company for which she is writing the dialogue of a screen version of one of Colette's novels.

The dialogue in the novel is in Colette's best bawdy vein. Mlle. Sagan felt obliged to "clean up" some of the dialogue. This has earned her the disapproval of the director, who has commented sharply, "I am afraid that Mlle. Sagan is a bit of a prude."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

COMEDIAN Jean Rignaux: A psychiatrist is a man who goes to the Folies Bergere to look at the audience.

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PICTURES EVER SHOWN



• **THIS IS YOUR WAR:** this is your Dunkirk, your Tobruk, your Cassino, your Arnhem your blitz. This is the moment you were first forced to contemplate death as a daily reality. And your eyes were a mirror

Two cities side by side without an inch of ground between them, except at one point where a little court remains aloof from both

One Step From Diamonds To A Sanctuary

By S. FIELDS

If you asked the average person which are the two cities in the world that stand closest to each other, the answer given might possibly be the capital of Hungary—Budapest, which is in reality composed of two communities, Buda on the right bank of the Danube, and Pest on the left bank.

important visitors are wined and dined by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. It also contains workers numbered by the million in the daytime, and only four and a half thousand residents by night.

The other is the larger City of Westminster, in which the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament are located.

At all points where the two cities join you pass from one to the other without knowing it, unless you happen to be observant enough to notice that the policemen's armbands and helmets are different.

Ely Place

At one point, however, there is a tiny area which is distinct both from the City of London and the City of Westminster.

It is a quiet "backwater" known as Ely Place, whose main entrance is marked by pretentious gates and a porter's lodge. It can also be approached by an old-world, twisting passageway which leads from Hatton Garden, internationally renowned as a street of diamond merchants, where you hear the speech of Holland intermingling with the English and Hebraic languages as groups of men talk in terms of precious stones and do business with one another on the thronged pavements.

Ely Place was bequeathed centuries ago to the Bishops of Ely, whose diocese is some 60 miles from London, because it was the site of a town house or "hostel" at which they stayed when they visited the capital on important ecclesiastical business.

The bequest was the outcome of legal complications that had arisen concerning their tenure of a temporary London residence.

In the 18th century the Bishops of Ely transferred their town residence, but today, as in the past, Ely Place is a peaceful sanctuary in the thick of a district which teems with traffic, shopping crowds, and city workers through the business hours till the homeward "rush" to the suburbs begins.

Ely Place is jealous of its privileges, reserved for those who now occupy the buildings which enclose it and shut it away from the clamour of the workaday world. No unauthorised person can "park" a car there. All non-residents are banished from its narrow precincts at a respectable hour—which is closing time for a quaint seventeenth-century tavern, "The Mitre," situated in the alley that leads to the street of the diamond merchants, Hatton Garden, only a step away.

"The Mitre," by its name, recalls the association of Ely Place with the Bishops of old. It is notable, too, for a cherry tree which rises through one of its burrows, preserved within a glass case.

Sealed Off

When "The Mitre" closes for the night and speeds the last of its patrons on their way, the gates to seal it off in its privacy from the rest of the great capital. Then this little corner in the heart of a huge metropolis becomes wrapped in silence—and dreams, perhaps, of far-off years when the palace of Ely's bishops stood there.

Shakespeare, in his play "Richard III," represents a famous character in English history—John of Gaunt—as dying at Ely Place, where Gaunt in fact seems to have rented accommodation towards the close of his life from the prelate who was Bishop at that time.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Les Falk and Phil Davis



METROPOLITAN POLICE

**£250
REWARD**

HAWLEY HARVEY CRIPPEN, alias Peter Crippen, alias Mrs. Elsie Crippen, alias Mrs. Elsie Crippen, alias Mrs. Elsie Crippen.

**WANTED FOR
MURDER AND
MUTILATION**

The above reward will be paid by me to any person who provides information leading to the apprehension of the above named persons.

"These are my last words. I belong no more to the world. In the silence of my cell, I pray that God may pity all weak hearts, all the poor children of life, and this poor servant, Hawley Harvey Crippen."

At dawn on November 23, 1910, at Pentonville, the hangman's trap dropped from beneath Dr. Crippen. So died a man whose name has become a byword of horror in the annals of crime.

But before he died the "woman in the case," his lover and typist Ethel Le Neve, had been cleared of the charge of murder against her. She was left to face the shame of her family and friends and the censure of the world at large.

Today, Ethel Le Neve lives in a quiet London suburb, a little grey-haired grandmother who has found happiness and peace of mind under a new name. Only two people know her identity. Her one fear in life is that her two grown-up children and her grandson may discover that she was once Ethel Le Neve.

Fateful Night

JUST occasionally does she turn back the pages of time to that fateful night of January 31, 1910, when the Crippens held a dinner party at their home in Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town.

Dr. Crippen and his peroxide-blond, plump and all-too-vivacious wife were

WHY DID MARSHALL HALL REFUSE TO DEFEND HIM? WAS DOCTOR CRIPPEN REALLY A MURDERER?

-By C. D. T. Baker-Carr-

entertaining her friends of the music-hall world, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martinetti. The party went on till the early hours of February. It was the last time that Corn Crippen (stage name Belle Elmore, real name Kunigunde Mackamotzki) was seen alive.

Dr. Crippen, known as "Peter" to his intimates, was a peculiar little man. He was born in America at Cold Water, Michigan, in 1862, educated at the local university and took his M.D. in Cleveland. In 1884, he went to London to watch operations being performed, then returned to America as an eye and ear specialist.

First Wife

IN New York he married Charlotte Bell, his first wife but she died at Saratoga Lake City in 1890. Three years later he married a patient who called herself Corn Turner. She was Dr. Crippen's 30. Corn was then the mistress of a man named Lincoln and Crippen said the affair must end.

They spent a year in New York, where Crippen was consulting physician to the Munyon Company, a firm of patent medicine manufacturers. In 1900 he became their London manager.

Returning from a solo visit to America, the little doctor found that Corn had taken up with a music-hall artist named Bruce Miller. Not surprisingly, perhaps, her attitude had changed. Crippen put up with it for many months and then

turned for consolation to his pretty typist, Ethel Le Neve. By the end of January 1910, Crippen and Miss Le Neve were deeply in love and indulging in secret trysts.

In February Crippen told her friends that his wife had gone to America; on March 26 he inserted an announcement in "The Era," the stage publication, that Corn Crippen was dead—that she had been taken suddenly ill with pneumonia and was being cremated. There was no point in friends sending wreaths since there was no grave.

But some of his London friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nash (she was stage artist Lil Hawthorne) went to Scotland Yard, unaccompanied by Crippen's story and told that Ethel Le Neve should be wearing the dead woman's jewellery and furs to come afterwards.

Chief Inspector Walter Dew took charge of the inquiries. On July 8 he questioned Crippen

The head, arms, legs and all the bones were missing, but the flesh was certainly human.

A week later, on July 20, police notices were posted all over the country offering a £250 reward for "Hawley Harvey Crippen, alias Peter Crippen, alias Frankel, and Ethel Clara Le Neve, alias Mrs. Crippen, alias Neve," wanted for "Murder and Mutilation."

Newspapers up and down the country picked up the secret and mania to excite as far as Africa and South America.

But it wasn't until Captain H. G. Kendall, of the liner Montrose sailing from Antwerp, began to observe the odd behaviour of two of his passengers that anyone had a definite clue. The objects of his suspicion were ailing as "Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, lady of Quebec."

Looking through a cabin party door, a "Mrs. Robinson" squeezed the hand of his "father."

As the liner steamed towards Canada, Captain Kendall made scientific history. He sent out a wireless message to his head office at Liverpool that Crippen and his typist, dressed in boy's clothing, were on board.

'Not Guilty'

CRIPPEN and Le Neve were taken to the prison when the Morse code signals crackled out from the transmitter. Crippen asked about the morality of wireless, ignorant of the fatal necessity of these cryptic dots and dashes.

It was the first time this "wonderful gadget" had been used in a criminal case. Chief Inspector Dew went on board the liner at Liverpool, beat a retreat to reach Canada before the Montrose, and a they overlooked the slower vessel in mid-ocean, wireless signals from Captain Kendall confirmed his earlier suspicions.

Just as the Scotland Yard detective came aboard the Montrose, disguised as a pilot, he hardly recognised Crippen, for the little man had shaved off his "raggy" moustache and was not wearing his rumpled spectacles.

As Crippen stood looking over the side at the pilot's boat Dew came up beside him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Good morning, Dr. Crippen, I am Chief Inspector Dew," said Scotland Yard.

The formalities of arrest followed swiftly. Crippen was



Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve share the dock at the police court hearing. Le Neve is still alive in a quiet London suburb, under another name.

continued to one stateroom and Le Neve, under the care of a stewardess, in another.

At Court at the Old Bailey was packed to capacity, over 700 people had managed to get tickets. It was on October 22 that Dr. Crippen stood in the dock to plead "Not Guilty."

Five days later the jury retired for a mere 28 minutes. Crippen remained as calm as ever when the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, put on the black cap and pronounced sentence of death. Then in a hushed calm Crippen spoke: "I still protest my innocence," he said.

When Chief Justice Lord Alverstone asked Crippen why he had told everyone that his wife had died the doctor replied that as far as he knew she was still alive—and had run away with another man.

During the case, and referring to those February days, Crippen said: "Well, if there is all this suspicion, I am likely to have to stay in goal for months and months—perhaps until this woman is found—I had better be out of it. And so he fled abroad with Le Neve."

Why did Crippen appear worried about going to prison when there was a capital charge against him? That legal giant, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, thought he knew. He refused a brief to defend Crippen because he believed that the doctor had not murdered his wife and had never intended to, that Crippen bought the five grains of arsenic—a sleep inducing drug—merely to keep his wife

out of the way while he made love to Le Neve. But the drug was relatively new and dangerous in inexperienced hands. Perhaps Crippen, in ignorance, gave her an overdose?

"Could it be that, horrified to find her dead, he panicked, dismembered the body and buried part of the remains in his coat-cellar? Did he then drop the rest of her body overboard when he and Le Neve went on a five-day 'honeymoon' to Dieppe?"

There is no doubt that Marshall Hall refused the brief because Crippen would not plead guilty to manslaughter.

Not Satisfied

SOME students of criminology are not satisfied that Crippen was guilty of murder. One of his lines of defence was that the body found in his cellar belonged to someone other than his wife; that Corn Crippen ran away with another man.

In his last letter to Le Neve from the condemned cell after his appeal had been turned down, he wrote: "...and though I never at any time had hope, yet deep down in my heart was just a glimmer of trust that God might give us yet a chance to put me right before the world and let me have the passionate longing of my soul."

Contrary to popular belief Crippen did not confess. Was he guilty of murder? Some people today among them the erstwhile Ethel Le Neve believe that it was a case of manslaughter, with the kindly little doctor, shielding the only person in the world who meant anything to him.

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THE SPITFIRE? JUST THE PLANE FOR A WOMAN

By ANNA LANDAU

THE Spitfire," said the dainty woman in grey, "is the perfect airplane for ladies."

The woman in grey should know. Her name is Veronica Volkorsz and she has flown Spitfires and 60 other types of aircraft. A flight captain with the Air Transport Auxiliary during the war, she delivered airplanes all over Britain.

Today she flies on special radar exercises training ground crews for the Fighter Control section of the Air Force.

With 3,000 flying hours to her log-book, Mrs. Volkorsz—she was formerly married to a Dutch pilot—has written a book about her career. It appears today when after a week's holiday, she climbs back into the cockpit.

UP AT 6.30

Up at 6.30 she eats a plate of cornflakes, and sets out from her Chelsea flat in her baby car to drive 35 miles to an airfield at Rochester in Kent. Take-off is at quarter to ten, with a landing for lunch at quarter to one. The afternoon session lasts from quarter to two till quarter past four. Then Mrs. Volkorsz changes joystick for steering wheel and drives back to town to shop for and cook her dinner.

"After a day of five hours' flying and two and a half hours' driving—much more tiring—I'm just about on my knees." At week-ends she relaxes playing bridge.

Since her days are spent at an altitude of eight to 10 thousand feet, Mrs. Volkorsz has seen



says VERONICA VOLKORSZ

more of the sun this summer than any other woman in Britain. Only low cloud and bad visibility prevent her flying—and she still has to make the trip to Rochester to find out if she is grounded, and free to go back again to London.

What is the fascination of flying? "I shall never be able to explain it. It gets hold of you. It's a bug."

The bug bit first in 1938. The girl who liked driving fast cars was taken by a friend for a dip in his airplane. She learned to fly. War came, and the work with the Air Transport Auxiliary.

After the war Mrs. Volkorsz ferried Tempests to Pakistan. When the woman later arrived in the Pakistan air force mess at Karachi she was clopped into purdah behind a screen. Then came a spell of target-towing, and night flying for searchlight exercises, routine jobs for the woman who remembered her

applications. "Our trouble is that we are so few. Only six of the girls in the Air Transport Auxiliary—and there were 100—are still flying. A girl who takes up flying today can't hope to get our experience without vast resources."

When Mrs. Volkorsz learned to fly in the Civil Air Guard—a Government scheme which provided lessons at 2s. 6d. an hour—her A licence cost about £2.1s. "Today the cost would be around £120. Then only three hours solo were needed; today the requirement is 40 hours, while for a commercial licence 200 hours are necessary."

"And yet," says Mrs. Volkorsz, "women can hold down a flying job on equal terms with men. They do their work more conscientiously and they do not suffer from that pre-eminently male failing—the urge to show off. No woman would be stupid enough to talk herself heating up the house of a 'boy friend.' We proved ourselves during the war."

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When TV Is Strictly "Business Only"

By JENNIFER JOHNS

MENTION television these days and most people will immediately think of the armchair entertainment variety. A growing number but not as yet many, will visualise educational television in the classroom. Few, if any, will think of television, the business variety.

It was the use of television in industrial and scientific fields however—and not its use as a means of entertainment—that the television pioneers had in mind some 25 years ago when the new medium first promised to be workable. Since that time television for entertainment and education has overshadowed this medium's industrial uses. Over-shadowed but not by any means dispensed with.

Today, for example, aviation is using television in a variety of ways. When new planes are tested it is now possible to substitute a television camera for the test pilot. Sitting in another plane a human pilot then flies the test plane by remote control—watching the test plane's reactions on his TV set.

IN FACTORIES

Television has turned up in more unlikely places than an airplane. In the last 10 years, hundreds of factories have put television sets to work watching the activities of furnaces, smokestacks and boilers, for the TV "eye" can venture into places far too dangerous for human workers.

It is, for instance, a difficult job for an engineer to check on the operation of a boiler when steam obscures his view. With the aid of television, however, he need not be present in the boiler room. In his place is a television camera (impervious to heat) equipped with an ultra-red "gull" that penetrates places

normally inaccessible to the eye. The workman sits in a cool room some distance away, observing the whole operation on his television screen.

Another field in which the television camera proves more facile and accurate than the human eye is in forestry, specifically in the detection of forest fires. Instead of the forest ranger atop a tower, there is a rotating camera with telephone lens so powerful that fires some 20 miles away can be detected. The forest ranger can now sit at a central control station and observe his domain by television.

FILMING FREIGHT

Television has also been employed here in America at railway freight terminals. Once a man was stationed at a given point in every terminal to register the serial numbers of freight cars as they rolled by. Today, many American terminals have a television camera posted to film the cars as they pass. The number can be tabulated from the television screen in a central office.

Banks and hospitals have found still other uses for television.

A bank teller may need to verify a signature. Ordinarily he must send a messenger for this, sometimes to another building. With television, the teller has merely to call a central office and the signature will be projected on a screen.

A New York bank recently established a new branch office. The branch—thanks to television—required only half the usual floor space for all bookkeeping is now conducted at the main office.

Similarly, a surgeon can resort to television right in the operating room. During an operation he can ask to see—over television—an X-ray plate which he might need to determine further operating procedure.

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WHAT KIND OF PARENT ARE YOU?

YOUR reaction to your child's remarks plays a big part in forming his character. It is easy to slip into the habit of being too strict and severe with him. Lack of sympathy and a strict routine of unquestioning obedience will tend to make him grow up nervous, frightened and with feelings of inferiority.

On the other hand, over-anxious parents fussing over their child's health, school-

by **MOLLIE BOSS**

work, bedtime, friends and affairs generally will hinder his growth towards emotional maturity. He will grow up still a spoilt child, selfish and self-centred, not knowing what he wants out of life because his parents have always decided for him.

Mothers, and fathers, should realise that children are individuals each with their own ideas, tastes and preferences. They are born with a certain amount of intelligence that cannot be increased or improved upon, despite extra homework or coaching.

Help your child to develop his own individual character and qualities, his talents and his personality, by aiming for the happy middle path of serenity and self-confidence. Give him love, encouragement, sympathy and security, and freedom.

Read through the following snippets of conversation and decide for yourself what sort of a parent you are.

TEST YOURSELF ON THIS CHART

CHILD	OVER-ANXIOUS MOTHER	OVER-STRICT MOTHER	SENSIBLE MOTHER
"My head aches, Mum."	"Oh, dear! You're probably got measles or something. I'll call the doctor straight away!"	"Don't be so silly! You're just over-reacting. Get on with your homework."	"I'll pop you into bed until you feel better, dear. A warm drink and a little sleep will set you right."
"I don't want to go to school today, please."	"Why? Was the teacher talking to you, darling? I don't like to hear about it."	"Here's your copy. Here's your book. Off you go, and stop complaining."	"Have you forgotten? It's Wednesday and Miss Johnson was going to take you to the field for sports!"
"We are working for the scholarship exam at school now."	"Daddy is arranging for you to have extra lessons at home. There'll be a new bag for you if you pass."	"No playing out in the evening until the exam is over."	"Just try your hardest, dear. Which ever subject you want for will be the best one for you."
"I don't like porridge, Mum."	"But darling, you'll be ill if you don't eat some breakfast. Here, I'll feed you a spoonful of it. Once you're used to it, you'll love it."	"AT ONCE!"	"Leave it then, and have some fruit and marmalade. I'll get a different porridge for you tomorrow for a change."
"I hate going to Auntie Joan's tea."	"She'll be terribly hurt if you don't come, dear. But I'll buy you a big bar of chocolate if you are good."	"You're coming whether you like it or not."	"Stay at home with Daddy. You'd rather not come."
"I can't get to sleep, Mum."	"You poor darling. Shall I come up and tell you a story?"	"If you aren't asleep in five minutes you will get a spanking."	"Lie still and sing me a little song while I warm you a cup of milk."

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Veteran Far East reporter **RUSSELL SPURR** is now in Red China for the third time in two years. On this visit he is touring the more remote areas—from the far Northeast to the borders of Tibet and Kashmir. He will record what he sees and hears for the China Mail. This is his first report.

THE COMRADES IN HARBIN FIGHT THE FLOOD THREAT

HARBIN was fighting for its life. The worst floods in history were threatening to spill across the dykes. One suburb was already under water; half a million men and women were mobilised to save the rest of the city.

The swollen Sungari River had never been higher. It was running about four metres above normal, 119.72 metres measured from sea level. Only once before, in 1932, had it come nearly so high. The measured level then was 119.31 metres.

The result then was two-thirds of the city were inundated. Water reached the second floors of offices and homes. People climbed out of the windows and boated down the streets. By the time the floods receded a month later many buildings had collapsed, typhoid and cholera were raging.

Hurried Walls

HARBIN was not going to let it happen again. The Municipal Committee had called in rail wagons from all over Manchuria to transport earth and stones. Nearly a million straw bags (the Chinese equivalent of sandbags) were requisitioned for erecting hurried walls. Ten thousand troops were set to work day and night bolstering the crumbling dykes. School students, office workers, pensioners and even policemen were sent scraping and shovelling in desperate competition with the steadily rising river.

The news was grave. More heavy rain was reported from the upper Sungari valley. The worst was yet to come. The present record flood level would be broken in two or three days. And now there was a new menace of the main city's water supply. The only embankment above the main dykes was crumbling. Authorities began to

People liked to stroll along this embankment on summer evenings. Pleasure boats took them out onto the cooling river. There were ice-cream vendors, itinerant photographers, sometimes a urinal band. Now a new wall of straw bags a metre high edged the tree-lined footpath. The pleasure boats carried in refugees from the flooded suburb, depositing them with their piles of salvaged possessions among the flower beds and ornamental statues. The swift silent waters were up to the balustrade, half drowning the riverbank trees and whistling at the straw bag shield along the dyke-face.

Last Defence

THE last defence line of Harbin was holding—but only just. On one side a mile of sheer water, with steamers full of timber, balsa, straw bags, earth and workmen chugging slowly into the current. On the other, a city of 1,300,000 inhabitants, the most northerly industrial city in China, with its newly-built factories, cobble streets and onion-domed Russian churches.

The Sungari River has always been a threat to Harbin. The Manchurian fishermen found that out when they first settled there two centuries ago. They found the fishing good—Harbin is said to mean "Fish Net" in the Manchurian dialect—but floods kept washing away their temporary settlements. Czarist Russian rail-builders saw the need for a permanent defence. They attracted population to the growing communications centre. The Japanese did too, as they moved into the commerce, the industry and finally the administration. But too much of the valuable commercial section lay in low-lying ground where too little could be done quickly enough whenever the dykes were threatened.

It took the Chinese Communists to beat the Sungari River. They swung all their ruthless organisation behind people fighting for their homes and jobs. "Do your duty, save your city," cried the red and gold streamers. An efficient

garrison and deploying thousands of drafted and volunteers. In one week, between one and one and a half metres had been added to 40 kilometres of dykes. More than 150,000 cubic metres of earth were moved almost entirely by hand.

Factories kept going, for there was an additional slogan—"Fight the floods, maintain production." Only one office worker went to the dykes. The rest kept at their machines. When they demanded a turn at flood-fighting on their one weekly holiday, the days were staggered among various factories so the authorities could cope with the additional labour.

Production was almost as vital as flood prevention for the Municipal Committee of Harbin. They were committed to big increases under the present Five Year Plan. The factories which have in the past four years begun to churn out machine tools, measuring instruments, electric generators and textiles are geared into the national effort. Any short-fall can log-jam production elsewhere in this crucial stage of Chinese industrialisation.

Worst Point

DASHBOARD instruments are produced, for instance, for the just-opened automobile works at Changchun, five hours' journey down the line. Without them, the works would face a shut-down. There are no immediate sources of alternative supply.

The Mayor of Harbin, a 42-year-old ex-guerrilla leader, stood gravely supervising the work at the worst danger point. That was a couple of kilometres beyond the town, where flood waters were piling fast. It looked smooth and securely ruffled, but a mighty weight of it was pressed against the dyke. A change of wind could thrust it through like a sledge through butter. Already that had happened in the northern suburb. The wind-blown water had gouged two gaps that put 4,000 hectares of land under water and rendered thousands homeless. Quick warnings fortunately got everyone to safety. The only casualties were two horses and

authorities began to

The city dyke where the Mayor had concentrated his best flood fighters was only just holding its own. Flood faces were anxious. Men were swimming down the dyke-face to look for cracks and crumbling. Hundreds of troops, thousands of civilians were spreading earth and straw bags back and front at the weary wall. They shouted and sang cheerfully enough, urged on by the blare of specially installed loudspeakers.

"Work, Comrades, work!" shrilled the squeaky-voiced gill announcers.

Sweat, Strain

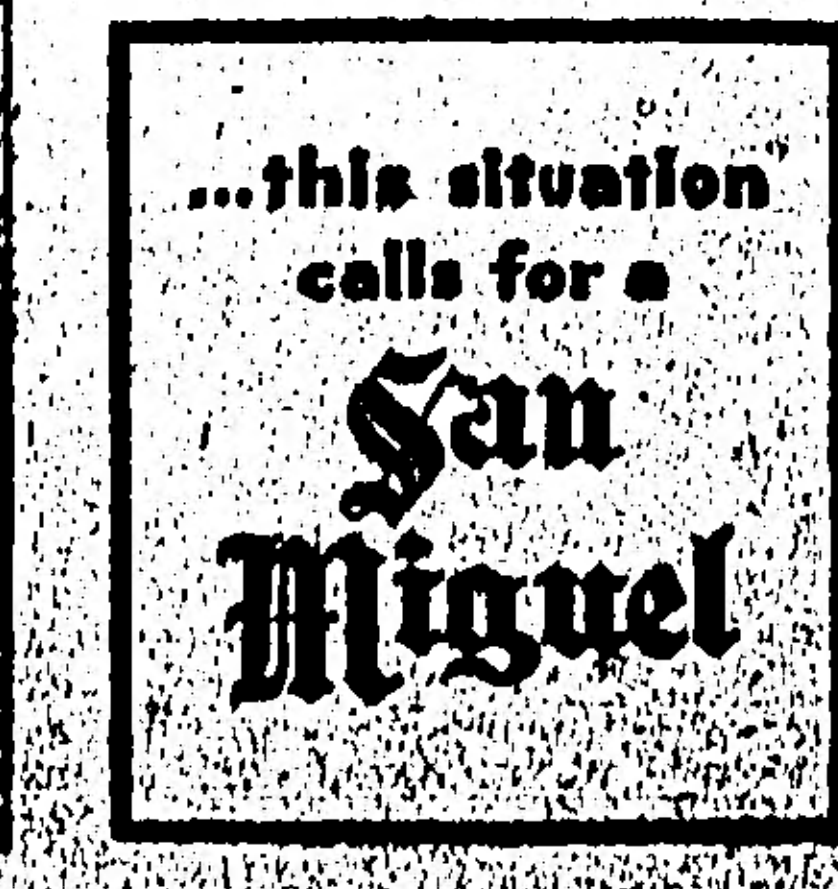
THE comrades sweat and toiled with spades and bamboo baskets, trundled small wagons of dirt along the miniature railway topping the dyke. Some had been days on the scene. The Mayor could hardly remember when he last slept. All around him was weariness and fear, for the threat of flood is old as China herself, but he bullied and cajoled like any Communist leader intent on attaining his production norm.

Today was the safety of Harbin. Tomorrow, more production, more discipline, more socialisation—anything the Party ordered. His job simply demanded success; he was achieving it, chain-smoking there on top of the sunlit dyke.

FOOTNOTE: The dykes held. Harbin was saved.

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**

ZANIES



WHERE SLAVES ARE USED AS "TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES"

From **ERNEST ASHWICK**

THE highly profitable traffic in slaves across the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden may be stamped out once and for all if a convention on slavery, now being discussed by the United Nations in Geneva, is accepted by 38 member nations.

But with the slowness with which the wheels of the United Nations tend to grind, it is doubtful if suppression of slavery to oil-rich Saudi Arabia will end with the signing of the convention.

The convention is to replace the out-of-date and now totally ignored League of Nations convention on slavery signed 30 years ago. Saudi Arabia, principal culprit in the world's oldest trade in human misery, sent

only an observer. Egypt and Iran also sent observers.

The Russians—"We have no slavery in Russia"—sent the largest delegation of all. The United States, which at first decided not to attend the meeting, made a rapid reversal when it was found the Russians were going to be there in strength.

Mr Charles Greenidge, director of the century-old Anti-Slavery Society in London, who is here as observer with the British delegation, told me how slavery had increased since the war.

No Control

"There is no control or patrolling by warships in the Red Sea or the Gulf of Aden," he said. "The Arab dhows, loaded down with their cargoes of human suffering, cross without interference. The principal slave trade centre is Riyadh, where the slaves are collected. They come from Oman and Baluchistan for sale in Saudi Arabia. All

along the Aden Protectorate coast, the Persian coast and in Iraq, the same thing is happening."

More than half a million slaves, mostly East African Moslems, have passed through Riyadh and been sold to rich Sheikhs in Saudi Arabia.

I was told that to recruit slaves for Saudi Arabia negroes are sent back to their villages in Africa as Moslem "missionaries." They tell the people that they must go to Mecca for eternal salvation. These "missionaries" lead large groups, sometimes more than half a native village, to the coast, where they are shipped on dhows.

Immediately the ships reach the Arabian coast, the groups are arrested as "unauthorised pilgrims" and taken to Riyadh, the eastern capital of Saudi Arabia. Prices here range from £200 for a man of 40 years to £400 for a girl of 15.

The Saudi Arabian Government, in defence,

stated that they have anti-slavery laws at sea. But until the ship touches shore and the victims are arrested they still believe they are pilgrims to Mecca.

The French Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Jean Morillon, in a report to the French Government stated that slavery in Saudi Arabia is "quite openly perpetrated." He gave the names of 10 well-established slave dealers and a price list for slaves according to age, sex, beauty and physical strength.

Mostly Moslems

Most of the slaves, he reported, are Moslems.

Mr Greenidge, told me of one case where 12 Moslem slaves escaped to the desert, were recaptured and nine of them beheaded on the spot. The other three were taken back to Riyadh and beheaded in the town square.

Under the Brussels Treaty of 1890, patrolling by warships in the Red Sea

and the Persian Gulf was provided for. This, said Mr Greenidge, cut down the slave traffic. Since the war, however, no patrolling is done in these waters. And the slave trade is prospering.

Slaves are also used as "travellers' cheques" for rich Moslems going to Mecca. They take along with them four or five of their household and sell them immediately they reach the Arabian coast.

Hundreds of instances are known where slaves have had their ears or toes cut off for disobeying their masters. Their fingers are never touched as this might lessen their ability to work.

The Government of Saudi Arabia has ignored all requests from the United Nations for information on slavery, although Saudi Arabia is a member nation. The Government, in fact, issues slave trading licences.

The convention drawn up by the United Nations stands little chance of success with King Ibn Saud. It makes no provision for supervising the application of the convention. So thousands more poor Moslems on their long trek to Mecca will finally finish up in some foul den of an oil-rich Sheikh.

FOOTNOTE: Abdul Baroodi, the Saudi-Arabian observer, said: "There is no slavery in Saudi Arabia that does not go unpunished. It is the rich land owners and gentlemen farmers in Britain that have slaves."

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Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules... but the talk at the wedding reception for Derek and June was of Aunt Mabel

THE GRENADIERS SURRENDER TO FIGHTING AUNT MABEL

From **REGINALD CROSS**

THE British Grenadiers have met their match in Guardsman Derek Chapman's middle-aged Aunt Mabel from Dagenham.

She didn't mind them recalling her nephew—a Regular Army reservist—to the Colours when it looked as though there might be trouble with that fellow Nasser.

But she got her dander up when they refused to give 21-year-old Derek time off to get married.

And so she launched her one-woman offensive against the Grenadiers—and won Derek 24 hours' wedding leave.

Aunt Mabel—Mrs Mabel Langford, aged 52—started her campaign the day after Derek received his recall notice at the

house in Levine Gardens, Dagenham, where he lives with her.

It was a blow to Derek and his 21-year-old fiancée, City typist June Pratt of Ardenwell Avenue, Ilford, for the wedding date was only nine days away.

Derek's father is dead and his mother is in Australia so Aunt Mabel felt it was her job to protect when, after he reported to the Guards barracks near Windsor Castle, Derek was told: "No leave—you'll have to cancel the wedding."

DAY-AND-NIGHT

Stationing herself in the public telephone booth around the corner from her home, Aunt Mabel began ringing up the barracks.

Poetically but firmly they told her: "Sorry, no leave is possible."

Aunt Mabel was undaunted. She kept up a day-and-night barrage of phone calls.

Then, when an officer told her once more "no leave

possible," she changed her tactics.

"Right," snapped Aunt Mabel, "then I'm coming down to see the C.O. in person."

The officer protested. Aunt Mabel insisted. But the Grenadiers' defences were beginning to crack.

"Very well," the officer conceded. "Come if you must."

Armed with her broom, Aunt Mabel set off in a taxi for Windsor Castle. Derek was told: "No leave—you'll have to cancel the wedding."

After a long wait they were summoned to the C.O.'s office. A few minutes later Derek came in.

He snapped up a stiff salute to the C.O. and swivelled his eyes towards Aunt Mabel and June.

Aunt Mabel, very much in command of the situation, asked him: "If they allow you time off will you marry June in the morning?" Stammered Derek: "Just give me the chance."

Then he left the office with the C.O. Later, he reappeared

gleefully exclaiming: "I've been granted 24 hours' leave."

Home by train, the lovers held hands in the carriage as Aunt Mabel gazed fixedly out of the window.

Operation Wedding swung into action that evening. The Rev. G. B. Kemp, vicar of St Laurence's, Barkingside, promised to marry them at a minute's notice. The seven bridesmaids, a page boy, and relatives were contacted. Neighbours picked garden flowers for bouquets.

TASK COMPLETED

The next day at 10 a.m. June walked up the aisle in white satin. Three brief hours together, then a brave parting at Aunt Mabel's front door as Derek marched away.

He sailed for the Middle East next day.

Aunt Mabel, her cupid's task completed, said: "I have nothing but praise for the British Grenadiers."

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By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



SHE'S SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS...

The furs in the pictures are false, and not the least bit ashamed of it. Science and fashion are now so closely linked that you can wear false pearls, false gold, synthetic wool, and man-made furs without any social qualms. (Does anyone still prefer real silk stockings to nylon? I bet not Barbara Hutton herself.) The fake furs here, some in wool fabric, some in the newest synthetics, are all good fashion, and all a pleasant fraction of the price you'd pay for the real thing.

Below, left: a double-breasted reefer shaded in grey and white. Below, right: a long coat in blond Dynel, a new synthetic which is velvety, washable, moth-proof, warm, and light. Cloche from Edward Harvane. In the big picture: a three-quarter coat in black fabric curled like lamb, trimmed with marmosets. Togue from Madge Chard.



New College Clothes Fads

—the bulky top look and anything with a drawstring

New York. COLLEGE girls, one expert says, now are more interested in looking chic than in trying to dress like their boy friends.

The 1956 coed has outgrown the flapping shirt tail, tight blue jeans and mannish neckties, the expert reports. Substitutes are bulky sweaters and sweater blouses, tight turtleneck-style pants and tieless tailored collars.

"Notice I said 'bulky,' not 'sloppy,'" the veteran buyer in one Fifth Avenue college shop said. "This year the girls like that bulky top look but not the sloppy sweater look of 15 years ago."

This year the girls go for anything that has a drawstring, one observer reports. That includes wool jersey blouses with drawstrings around the hem so the blouse can be pulled snugly down to the hips or worn loosely bloused at the waist. There are also drawstrings around knitted sweaters and silk blouses and drawstrings around brief boleros that pull in and tie around the ribs.

College girls are not interested in new style tubelike Edwardian dresses that cling to the hips and ignore the waist. They like slim Princess Line wool dresses, according to one designer, but the waistline has to be obvious.

More fur coats will be phony this autumn; more dresses will have bolero jackets and more girls will be baring their knees in something called Bermuda kilts.

Fake fur, made from synthetic fibres with the softness of real fur, will save many fathers a fur coat investment for college daughters this year. A beaver-like copy is the college favourite so far, although fake mink is available in everything from green coats to drawstring blouses.

Designers have gone to new lengths to tempt college girls into long formal dresses this year. Short party dresses still outnumber long formal dresses, but there are floor-length dresses made of bright red flannel, charcoal grey satin and black embroidered velvet to catch a young girl's eye.

"We're not so optimistic about a big return to the long dress," one college shop consultant admitted. "The girls would rather dress up in a georgette velvet sheath or a short chiffon dress trimmed with tweed than wear a ball gown."—United Press.

The successful mass production of smooth-surfaced twin sets has brought a revolution in hand-knitting. Plain stocking stitch gives place to elaborately "textured" patterns, and designers have drawn new inspiration from traditional fishermen's jersey designs as well as the intricate raised patterns of Victorian shawls and antimacassars.

Vogue For Intricate Patterns In Knitwear

LONDON. BEST-SELLERS among hand-knitting leaflets today are those featuring elaborate patterns which produce fabrics of interesting texture. The reason for this revolutionary change is that simple, plain-surfaced garments are now being mass-produced cheaply and efficiently.

Knitters are seeking something different in exchange for the hours of work they invest in their hobby, and the result is a return to intricate patterns which were fashionable in Victorian times. These patterns are not only more interesting to produce, but are now in the height of fashion.

The vogue for pattern began a year ago when Miss Morton, of London's Top Twelve designers, revived some traditional Irish fishermen's designs for the hand-knitted jackets which were the sensation of his summer collection.

Shortly afterwards a London publisher produced a book, *Garter and Jersey Patterns*, in which many traditional designs were set in print for the first time. These intricate, textured patterns have been handed down from mother to daughter for generations. Each little fishing port in Ireland, Scotland and the Channel Islands had its own distinctive design, and the home port of a fisherman could be identified by the pattern of his jersey.

THE EXPERT'S FORECAST

James Norbury, Television's bearded knitting star, says these two events are largely responsible for the new fashion. He has just come back from Italy, and tells me that the newest Italian knitwear has swung right over from plain to intricately patterned.

"European design is greatly influenced by what is done in Italy, and I predict big success this winter for elaborate textured patterns," he said.

Miss Elizabeth D. Forster, a London designer whose work is used by many British women's magazines, recently took some designs based on British traditional fishermen's patterns to New York, and sold them instantly. "Every editor I spoke to was extremely interested in them. I could have sold the designs six times over America's enthusiasm was overwhelming."

Miss Forster believes that the texture of these patterns is to be the new trend in knitting. A single, patterned panel makes an attractive feature on an otherwise plain jumper. The elaborately raised patterns can also be used for pocket, collar and sleeve detail.

Alongside the traditional designs, there is a new trend in these days in patterns based on Victorian knitting.

Two years ago Miss A. MacKenzie, chief designer for Harrods, the Wokingham spinners, adapted designs from Victorian dresses and bonnets for up-to-date jumpers and blouses. These leaflets are selling better today than ever before. They look elaborate, but are comparatively simple to knit—and much more interesting than unrelieved stocking stitch.

Victorian carriage rugs, composed of bold plaids in bright colours, have inspired a chunky jacket in brushed wool, and the distinctive Fair Isle knitting technique has been used to provide contemporary designs based on clearly-defined abstract shapes and patterns.

SUCCESS AT COUTURE SHOWS

BRITISH woollen fabrics had an outstanding success at the London dress shows, and there have been few seasons when so many weaves and weights have been displayed.

One cloth, a 12-ounce wool crepe by Jacques, so fine and subtle was used by seven couturiers, and a striking rough white tweed flecked with black, "talla" from Galloway Reels was featured three times.

Most unusual of the new textures was the canvas weave, a woollen fabric, backed by a deep, smooth pile for extra warmth. This fabric is perfect for crisply-tailored topcoats and the "larger than life" chunky jackets which often accompanied suits.



(a) Panels of traditional patterned cable stitch on either side of the front panel in ribbed garter stitch give texture interest to this cosy, roll-necked jacket. Patons & Baldwins leaflet 415. (b) A Victorian d'oyly inspired this lace jumper with the fashionable high-waisted look. Sirdar leaflet 1475. (c) This roller-necked cardigan uses the Fair Isle knitting technique for an up-to-the-minute contemporary design knitted in three colours. Lavender leaflet 1078. (d) A bold plaid design found on many Victorian carriage rugs makes an effective chunky jacket for country wear. It is worked in stocking stitch in five colours and the wool is brushed afterwards to give a fluffy "rug" pile. Lee Turret leaflet 1229. (e) This serviceable man's pullover has panels of cable stitch separated by moss stitch. Sleeves and yoke are in reversed rib. Patons and Baldwins leaflet 425. In the same leaflet: (f) A V-necked man's pullover in stocking stitch, with a centre panel in a textured fancy pattern edged with cable stitch.

tail, as in the attractive basket and honeycomb weaves, the general effect is one of suppleness rather than chunkiness.

Plaids in softly blended colours are widely used for day-time coats and suits, and face-cloths, with its glowing, peach-bloom surface is still to the fore—sometimes lightly flecked with a contrasting colour.

The emphasis on light-draping on many high-waisted day dresses requires a soft, drapable fabric, and a very fine needle was often effectively used.

Another fabric story, underlined by many houses, is the new fashion of "co-ordinated" tweeds. These are not matched, either in weight or pattern, but are planned to go together. So one might have a black and blue flecked dress in lightweight fabric, teamed with a coat in a heavier weight tweed woven with a black and blue plaid.

In some cases the co-ordinated fabrics would both be checked, but the design on the dress fabric on a smaller scale than that of the coat.

NUMBER ONE LUXURY FABRIC

Very loosely-woven. Shetland wool in a clear strawberry pink was used for a pretty, full-skirted afternoon dress, and smooth men's worsteds are still popular for strictly tailored suits.

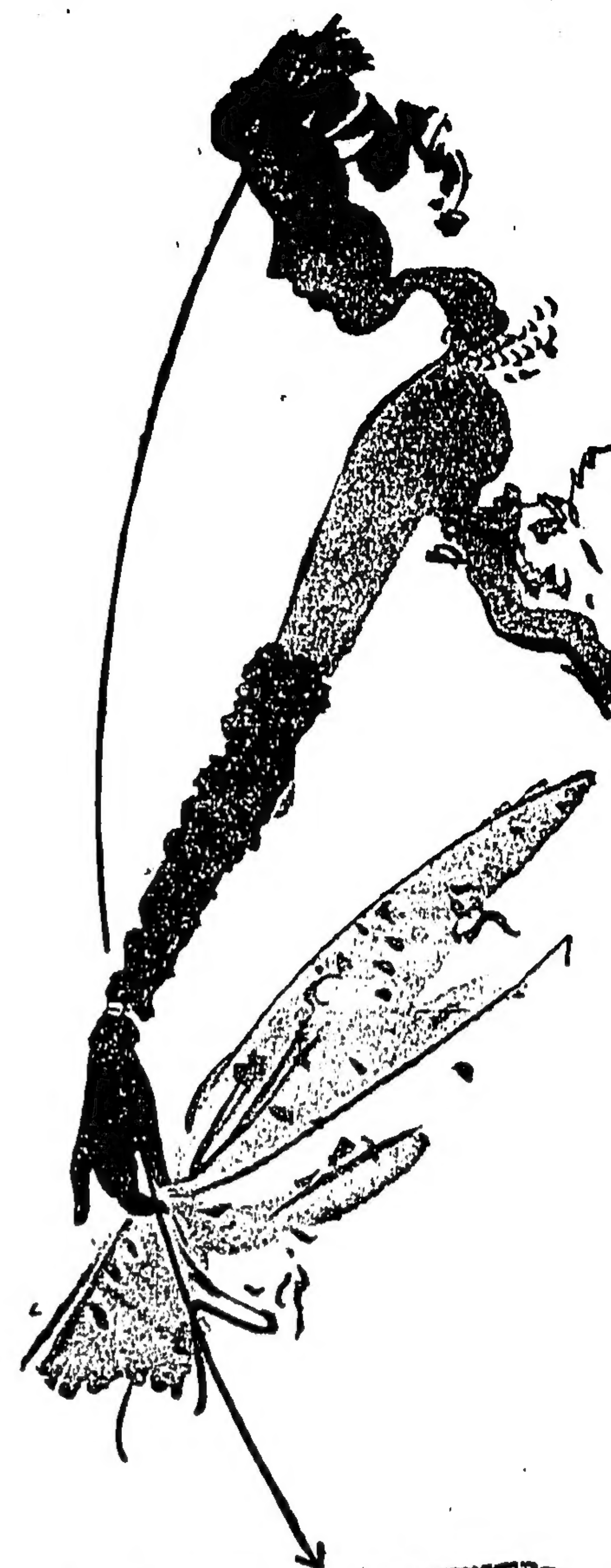
Lamb's wool, too, has had a striking success this season. Many designers used white lambewool to line their snug three-quarter jackets, and it was also used to fashion a fitted evening bolero. Persian lamb trimming was everywhere, and it is the number one luxury fabric for the new high-crowned Cossock hats.

—PATRICIA DOUGLAS

BEAUTY HINTS

By PATRICIA COMPTON

- For those of you who wish to slim a tumbler of hot water with the juice of half a lemon, no sugar, taken upon rising is quite helpful.
- Hands wrinkled by immersion in hot water should be rubbed well with vinegar after drying, and before applying cream.
- To improve your complexion, mix a level teaspoon of salt with two tablespoons of milk and rub gently over the skin before going to bed. Allow this paste to dry on and remain until morning.
- Two golden rules to remember when applying rouge are that it is better to use too little than too much, and that it should be blended around the edges.
- Slices of cucumber laid on the skin makes an excellent bleach for early freckles.
- Fleed, complexioners are flattered by dark greens, blues, browns and blacks. Bright pinks, reds, orange or yellow will reflect on the skin increasing its florid appearance.
- If the hair is falling out, rub lemon into the roots, washing afterwards with warm water.
- Never make the mistake of buying a foundation garment that is too tight in the hope that it will make you look more slender. It will give you a bulge above and below the garment and probably cause you a lot of discomfort.
- It is not advisable to put perfume on your clothes. It stains, and the scent is liable to become stale and musty on material after a few days.
- When applying rouge carry it fairly right up to the eyes. This makeup trick will give an added sparkle and brightness to your eyes.



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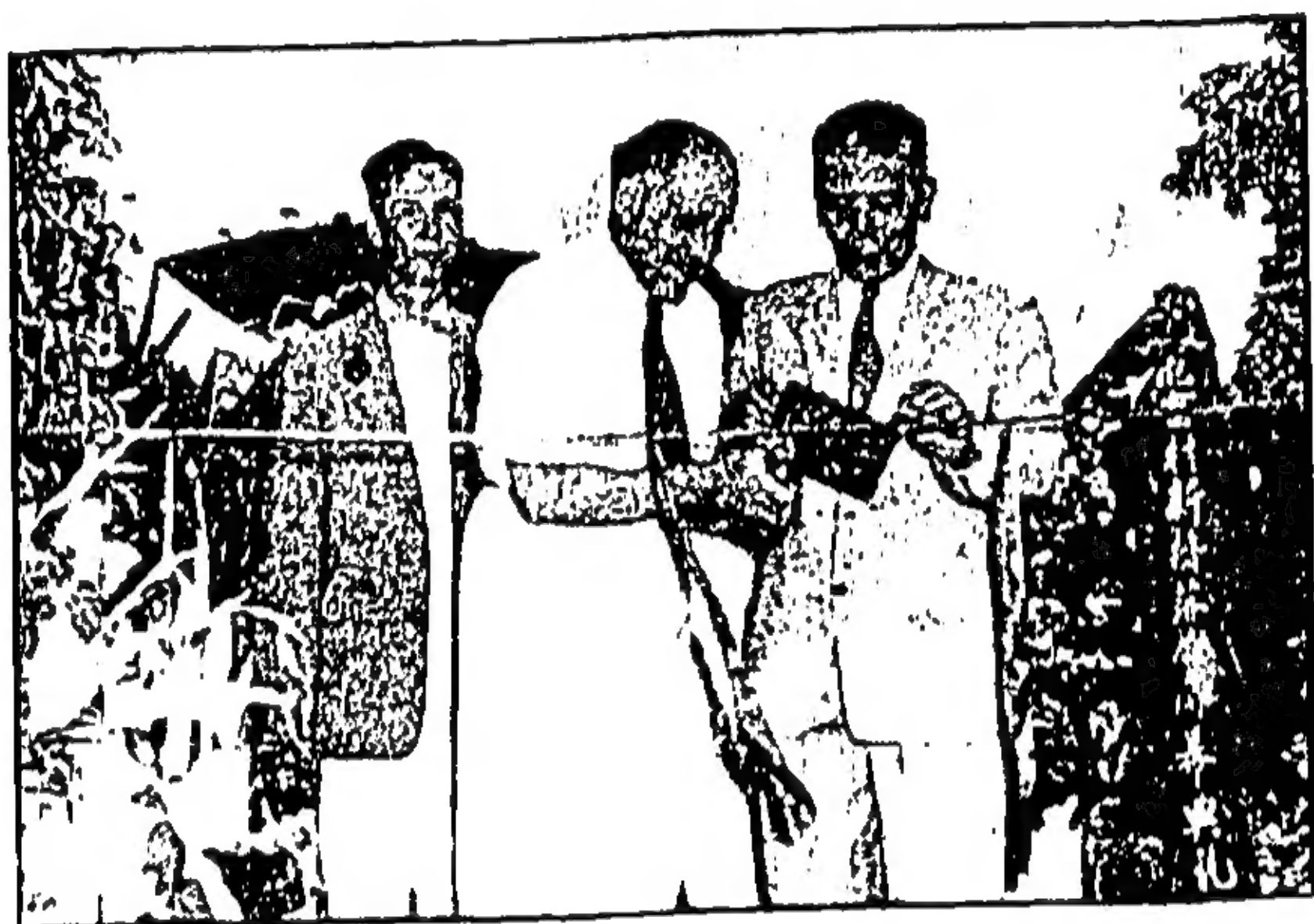
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THE Choir of St John's Cathedral. Group picture taken after morning service last Sunday. (Ming Yuan)

RIGHT: Miss Mercedes "Chips" Tait, BOAC stewardess who was chosen this year's "Miss Speedbird," took in Hongkong last week in the course of a round-world flight. With her is her brother, Mr J. F. G. Tait, who works in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



MR Lawrence Kadoorie cutting the ribbon to mark the opening of the new Woon Yiu Bridge, which spans the confluence of about ten streams at the base of Taimoshan. On right is Mr Ma Sai-on, Elder of Woon Yiu Village. (Staff Photographer)



MR P. T. Loong, Mr George Sim, the Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau and Mrs George Sim (reading from left) at the opening of the Chinese Amateur Athletic Federation's new clubhouse in Happy Valley. Mr Sim is President of the Federation. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL group at the Hongkong Union Church after the wedding of Mr Eolco Aldert Postuma and Miss Catharine Yvonne Allan. (Staff Photographer)



DR Ko Wai-hung and his bride, the former Miss Katharine Young Kit-may. The wedding took place last Saturday at the Hop Yat Church. (Ming Yuan)



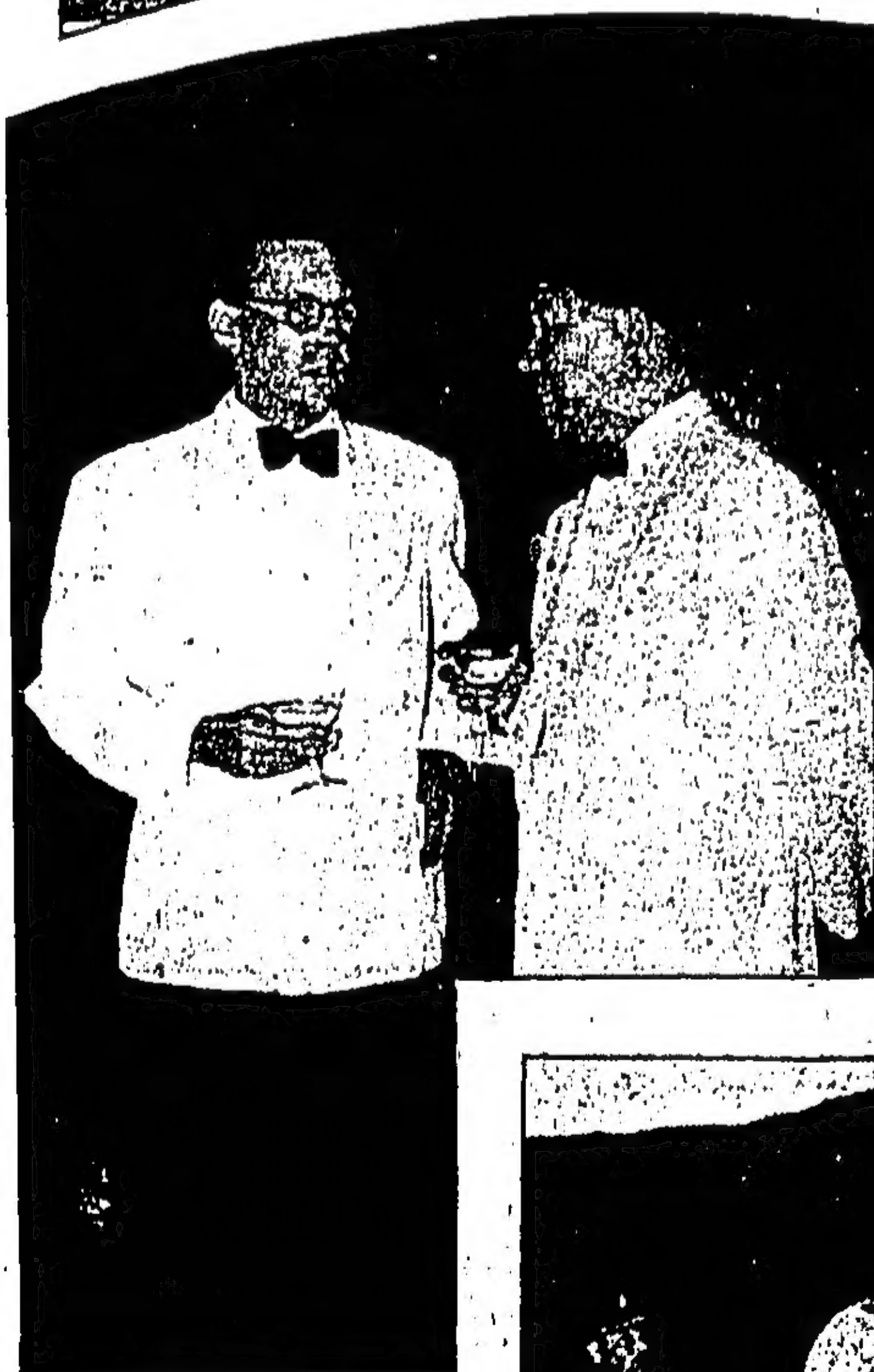
WEDDING at St John's Cathedral last Saturday of Mr Anthony Charles Hopkins and Miss Sylvia Pauline Stevens. (Staff Photographer)



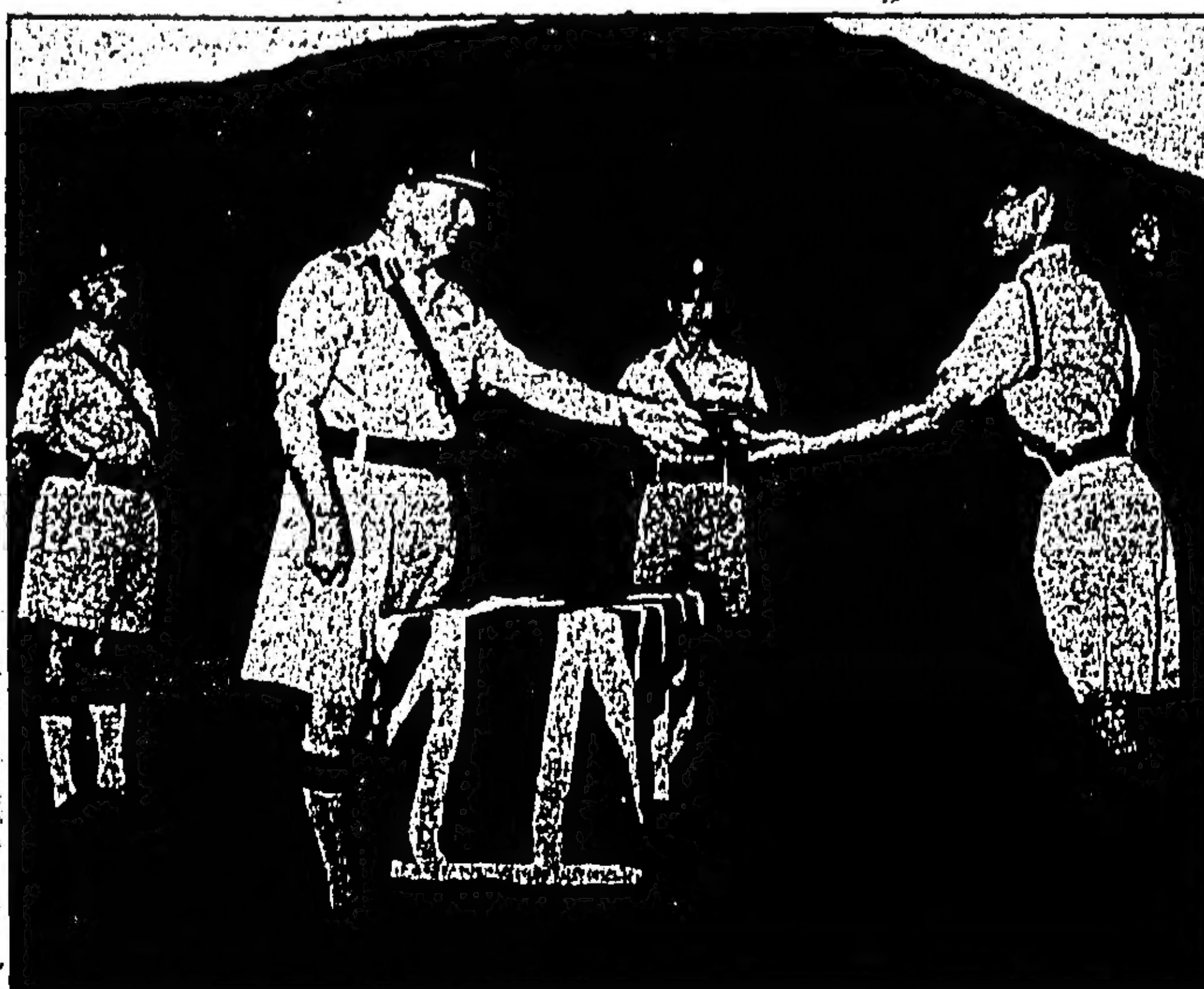
LEFT: A case of Scotch whisky and a quail were presented to St Andrew's Society of Hongkong on board the ss Sunda to commemorate the arrival of the first P & O ship from Scotland. Mr J. Moodie, Chieftain of the Society, seen drinking from the quail. (Staff Photographer)



A large crowd watched an exciting floodlit exhibition football match at Caroline Hill Stadium last Saturday, when the Chinese Asian Cup XI narrowly beat the Hongkong Chinese Footballers' "A" team. The players cheered on their appearance. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the Indonesian National Day reception held in the Repulse Bay Hotel. His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, is seen in conversation with the Indonesian Consul-General, Mr Iskandar Ishaq. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Hon. Michael Turner, Commandant of the Special Constabulary, presenting a merit shield to SC Pang Chik-chan, best all-round recruit, at a passing-out parade of the Special Constabulary at Aberdeen. Four squads passed out, including inspectors, NCO's and constables. (Staff Photographer)

ONE CALL



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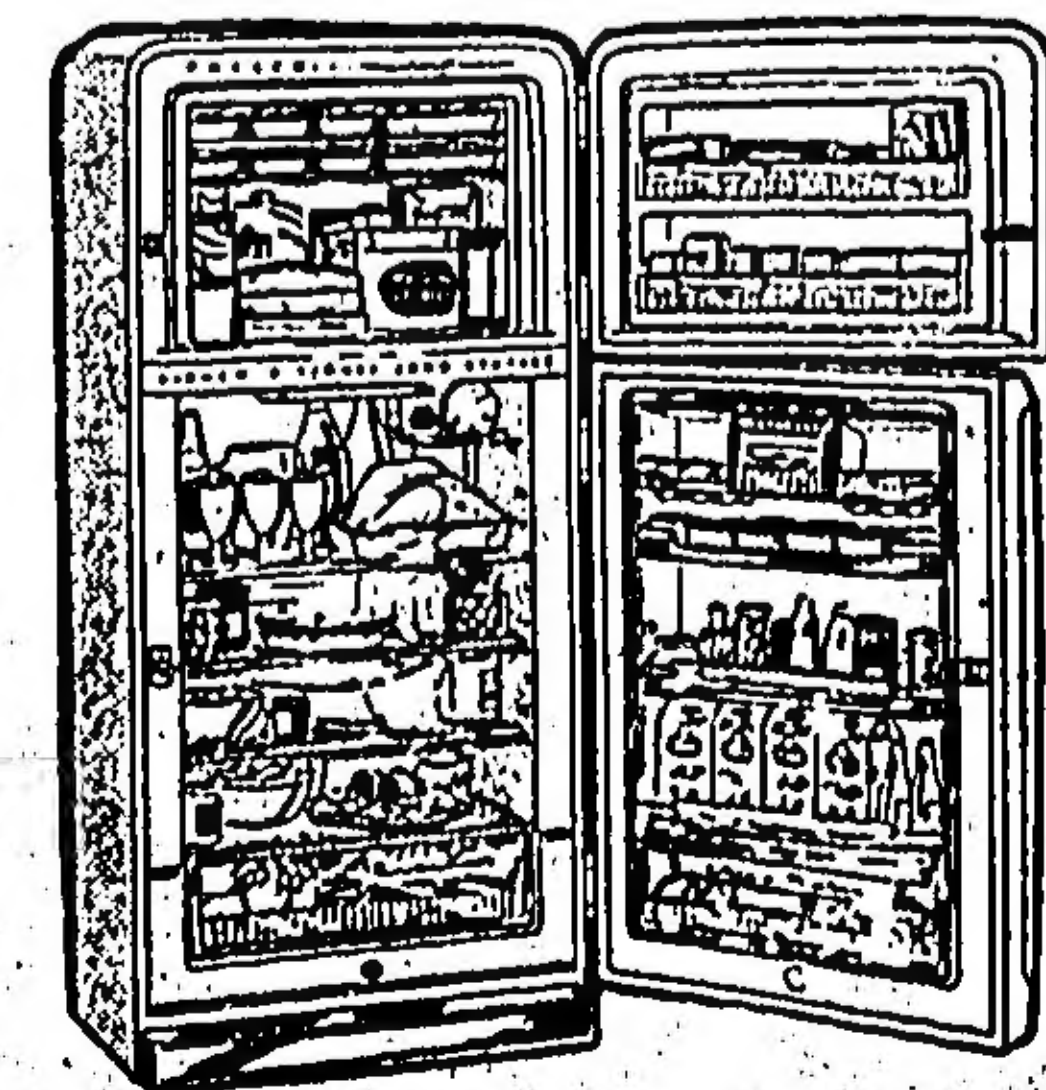
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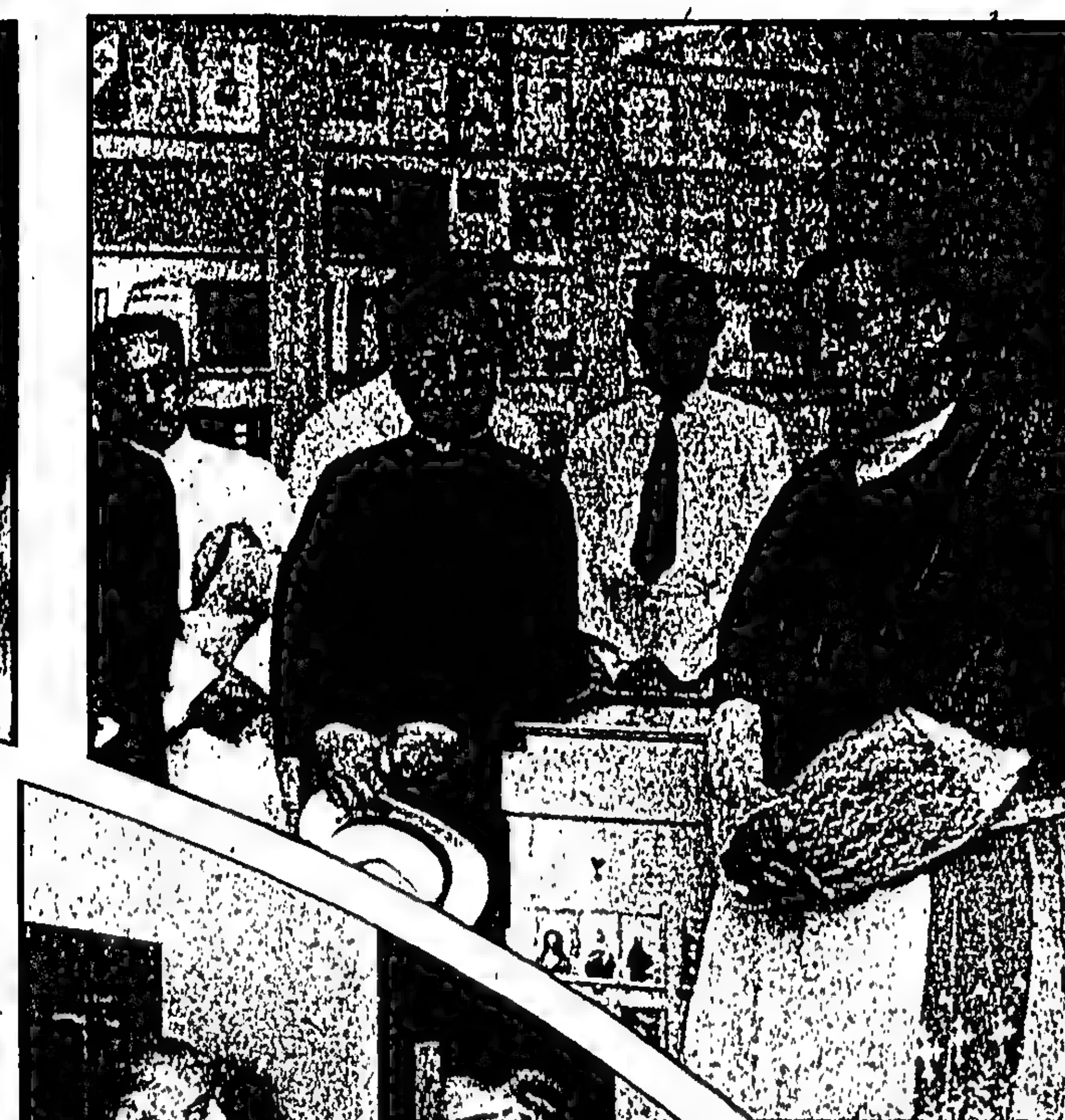


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CAPTAIN H. J. M. Perry, of the RMS Canton, speaking at a luncheon given aboard the ship for local businessmen in connection with P & O's expanded Far East services. (Staff Photographer)



THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt Rev. Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, speaking at the opening on Thursday of the new Kowloon Branch of the Catholic Centre in Chatham Road. (Staff Photographer)

MR Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General (right), greeted by Mr H. A. Grando, Manager of United States Lines, and Mrs Grando at a cocktail party given at the American Club to mark the arrival on her maiden voyage of the Pioneer Muse. (Staff Photographer)



MORE blood for the Hongkong Blood Bank. Sister A. Kavanagh and Mrs J. Hudson attending to one of the REME donors at Stanley Fort. Twenty-two men each donated a pint for the British Red Cross. (Staff Photographer)



DR Theodore F. Adams, President of the Baptist World Alliance (right), Mrs Adams and Dr Robert Denny, Secretary of the Baptist Youth Board, were welcomed by a large number of friends at Kai Tak last Sunday when they arrived to attend the Asian Baptist Youth Conference. (Mainland)



MR P. Gockchin, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Wing On Life Assurance Co., Ltd., greeting Mr W. J. Gorman at the house-warming cocktail party of the new Wing On Life Building. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Some of the members of the Hongkong Union Church Sunday School who attended a party on Tuesday at which many games and competitions were played. Shown are the Misses Pauline Olsson, Margaret Nicholson, Janet and Julia Allan at the bottle drive. (Staff Photographer)



THE Army Guard Dog Unit which gave an interesting demonstration at the Shumshuipo Police Station last week. (Staff Photographer)



AT the Chinese Manufacturers' Union's dinner to the Singapore trade delegation to Peking. From left: Mr and Mrs Eugene Penn, Mr Haking Wong, CMU President, and Messrs T. K. Ko and Y. N. Lee of Singapore. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Dr S. T. Hiew and Miss Lucy Mok Sau-fun who were married at the Registry, Supreme Court, last Monday. (Ming Yuen)



RELATIVES and friends at the wedding of Mr Wong Cheong-yan and Miss Hul' Pui-ping, which took place at St Teresa's Church. (Art Photo Service)

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JUMPER AND STOLE SET

MATERIALS: Jumper—3 (3) [4] ozs. Lister's Lavenda 2 ply; Stole—3 (3) [3] ozs. Lister's Lavenda 2 ply. Pair each needles Nos. 7 and 10.

MEASUREMENTS: Jumper—To fit 34 (36) [38] ins. Bust measurement. Length from shoulder—18 (18) [18] ins. Stole—Length (without fringe)—42 (42) [42] ins.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—Knit; P—Purl; Stc—Stitch; Ins—Inches; Tog—Together; SKPO—Slip one, knit one, purl slip one, over; M—Make a st., by bringing wool to front of work before a knit st., and by wrapping wool round needle before a purl st.; SK2tog PO—Slip one, K2tog purl slip one, over; Garter st—Each row knit.

NOTE: To work 2nd Size follow figures in parentheses (), To work 3rd Size follow figures in brackets [].

JUMPER

Back and Front (Both Alike)

Using No. 7 needles cast on 101 (101) [101] sts.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st row: P1, K2, P2 repeat from * ending K2, P1.

2nd row: K1, P2, K2 repeat from * ending P2, K1.

Repeat these 2 rows for 3 (3) [3] ins, increasing one st. at end of 1st row. 89 (97) [105] sts.

Change to No. 7 needles.

1st row: * K2, K2tog, M1, K1, M1, SKPO, K1, repeat from * ending K1.

2nd and each alternate row: Purl.

3rd row: K1, K2tog, K1, M1, SKPO, K1, SKPO, repeat from * ending K1.

4th row: K2tog, K2, M1, K1, M1, K2, SK2tog PO, repeat from * ending K2, M1, K1, K2, SKPO.

5th row: K1, M1, SKPO, K1, K2tog, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

6th row: K1, M1, K1, SKPO, K1, K2tog, K1, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

7th row: K1, M1, K2, SK2tog PO, K2, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

8th row: Purl.

Repeat these 12 pattern rows until work measures 17 (17) [17] ins. from commencement.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st row: P1, K2, P2 repeat from * ending K2, P1.

2nd row: K1, P2, K2 repeat from * ending P2, K1.

Continue in rib until work measures 18 (18) [18] ins. from commencement.

Cast off loosely in rib.

Armbands (2 Required)

Join shoulders 2 1/2 ins. at each end. With right side of work facing and commencing 8 ins. down from shoulder, rejoin wool and using No. 10 needles pick up and knit 48 (48) [48] sts. evenly to shoulder, pick up and knit 48 (48) [48] sts. down other side to correspond. 96 (96) [96] sts.

Work in K2 P2 rib for 9 rows.

Cast off loosely in rib.

To Make Up

Pin out and press carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth. Then sew seams. Press seams.

STOLE

Using No. 7 needles cast on 89 sts and knit 6 rows.

1st row: K4, K2, K2tog, M1, K1, M1, SKPO, K1, repeat from * ending K1.

2nd and each alternate row: K4 purl to within 4 sts, K4.

3rd row: K1, K1, K2tog, K1, M1, SKPO, K1, SKPO, repeat from * ending K1.

4th row: K2tog, K2, M1, K1, M1, K2, SK2tog PO, repeat from * ending K2, M1, K1, K2, SKPO.

5th row: K1, M1, SKPO, K1, K2tog, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

6th row: K1, M1, K1, SKPO, K1, K2tog, K1, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

7th row: K1, M1, K2, SK2tog PO, K2, M1, repeat from * ending K1.

8th row: Purl.

Repeat these 12 pattern rows until work measures 42 ins. Now work 6 rows in garter st.

Cast off.

To Make Up

Pin out and press carefully on wrong side under a damp cloth. Add fringe.

To Make Fringe

Wind wool round a piece of card board 3/4 ins. wide. Cut through one end. Using six strands of wool knit through each end of Stole at 1/2 inch intervals.



Health In Your Garden

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

AMONG the most glibly offered health advice is that about gardening. "In your garden you will find health, both physical and mental"—so the saying goes. And maybe you will. But in your garden you can also get into trouble.

If you are going to take to gardening for health and pleasure when you change from the office or other job routine and enter upon what is commonly known as retirement, there are certain precautions it is just as well to know about and heed. The inexperienced gardener falls easy prey to over-enthusiasm. He plans a too much, over too wide an area. At first he watches eagerly to see if anything will grow. Before he realizes it he is appalled at how much has grown. Both the desired flowers and vegetables and the undesired weeds. He will be unable to keep up with the necessary thinning, weeding, transplanting, and weeding. The rows of plants grow longer and longer, or so it seems. And the necessary stooping, kneeling, twisting, and bending will grow more and more difficult.

AVOID HEAT

Garden work should be done in the early morning or after the heat of the day has passed. Two or three leisurely hours a day is enough working time. There is, of course, no limit to the time you may spend reclining in your lawn chair in the shade, listening to the birds, watching the flowers and hearing the grass grow between movements. That's really what the garden is for.

Some gardeners like to learn all about flowers and the other plants which they grow, and this can be a fascinating study. It may even lead to accomplishments in the science of horticulture. A few hobby gardeners have originated prize-winning varieties of flowers. But the idea of having a garden you can manage, and not one that starts managing you, if you are anything like me—and I think most gardeners are—you will have a hard time to get away from a nursery with less than a dozen plants of varying kinds. Or from a friend's garden, when he offers you shoots, bulbs or a plant division. Then one goes home and worries about where to put them all. So he digs a new flower bed where the grass wasn't growing too well anyway.

The purpose of gardening for health is relaxation. So keep the size of your garden within a limit where you can care for it without being pushed by the need for doing so many things which you see ought to be done, and time goes too fast for you to get around to them.

The elderly gardener must learn his limitations as to how long he can work in a day. He must not only learn them; he must adhere to them. He must learn the difficult lesson of stopping work before he is tired; he must rest ten minutes out of every hour. He must wheel things and not carry them, and the weight which he wheels must be restricted to what he can handle without strain. A powerlifter is necessary for older persons with large lawns, power cultivators and other power tools are required if the garden is large. Spray outfit and garden hose should be on wheels.

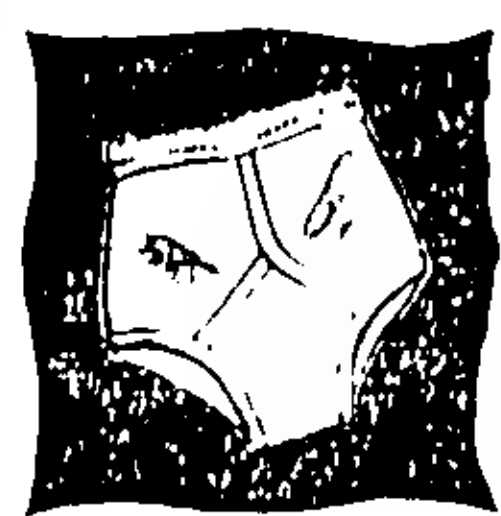
REASONABLE SIZE

I am not arguing against gardening as a healthful pursuit. I have had a flower garden for many years, and a vegetable garden, too, for a while. What I am trying to get across is the idea of having a garden you can manage, and not one that starts managing you. If you are anything like me—and I think most gardeners are—you will have a hard time to get away from a nursery with less than a dozen plants of varying kinds. Or from a friend's garden, when he offers you shoots, bulbs or a plant division. Then one goes home and worries about where to put them all. So he digs a new flower bed where the grass wasn't growing too well anyway.

The purpose of gardening for health is relaxation. So keep the size of your garden within a limit where you can care for it without being pushed by the need for doing so many things which you see ought to be done, and time goes too fast for you to get around to them.

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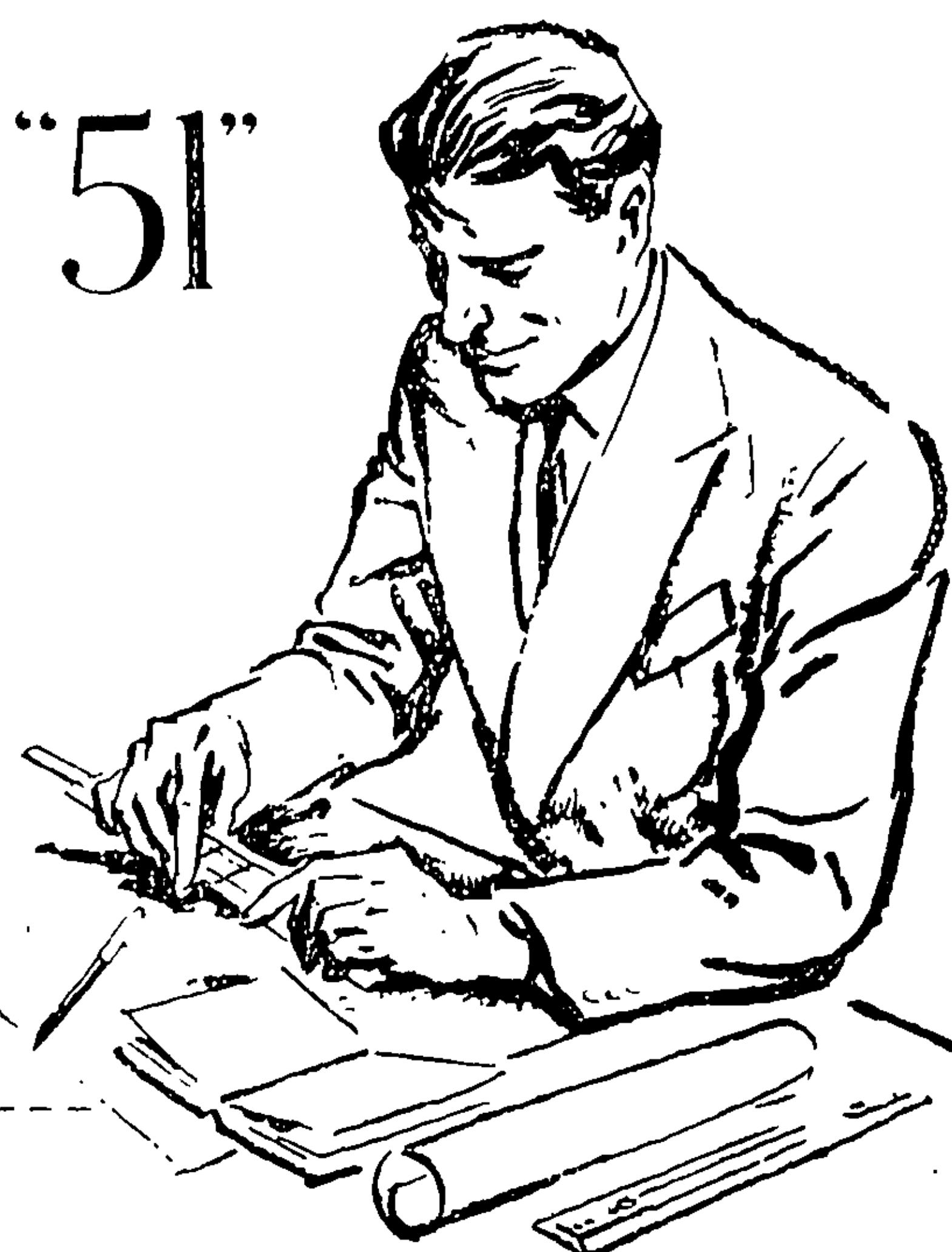
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Peter Pan Collar And Cuffs

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Sewer-Crochet No. 20 (20 Grams). 2 balls selected colour. Millwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3 1/2 hook and tight workers a No. 2 1/4).

TENSION: First 4 rows: 1 in. (2.5 cm).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; ss—slip stitch; dc—double crochet.

Commence at inner edge of collar with a ch measuring 14 in. (35.5 cm) long and divisible by 4 + 3.

1st Row: 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook (pilot made), 5 ch, miss 3 ch, 1 dc into next ch, * 4 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook (pilot made), 5 ch, miss 3 ch, 1 dc into next ch; repeat from * to end of ch, turn.

2nd to 9th Rows: ss to centre of first loop, 1 dc into same loop, * 4 ch, picot, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * across, turn. Fasten off at end of 9th row.

Edging

Attach thread to end of first row on collar, 1 dc into same place, * 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * round outer edge to opposite end of first row, 1 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Cut 3 strands of thread slightly longer than outer edge of collar. Working over strands, work 5 dc into each sp. Cut off remaining strands 6 ch, turn.

3rd Row: * Miss 4 dc, 1 dc into next dc, 4 ch, picot, 5 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 dc into last dc, 6 ch, turn.

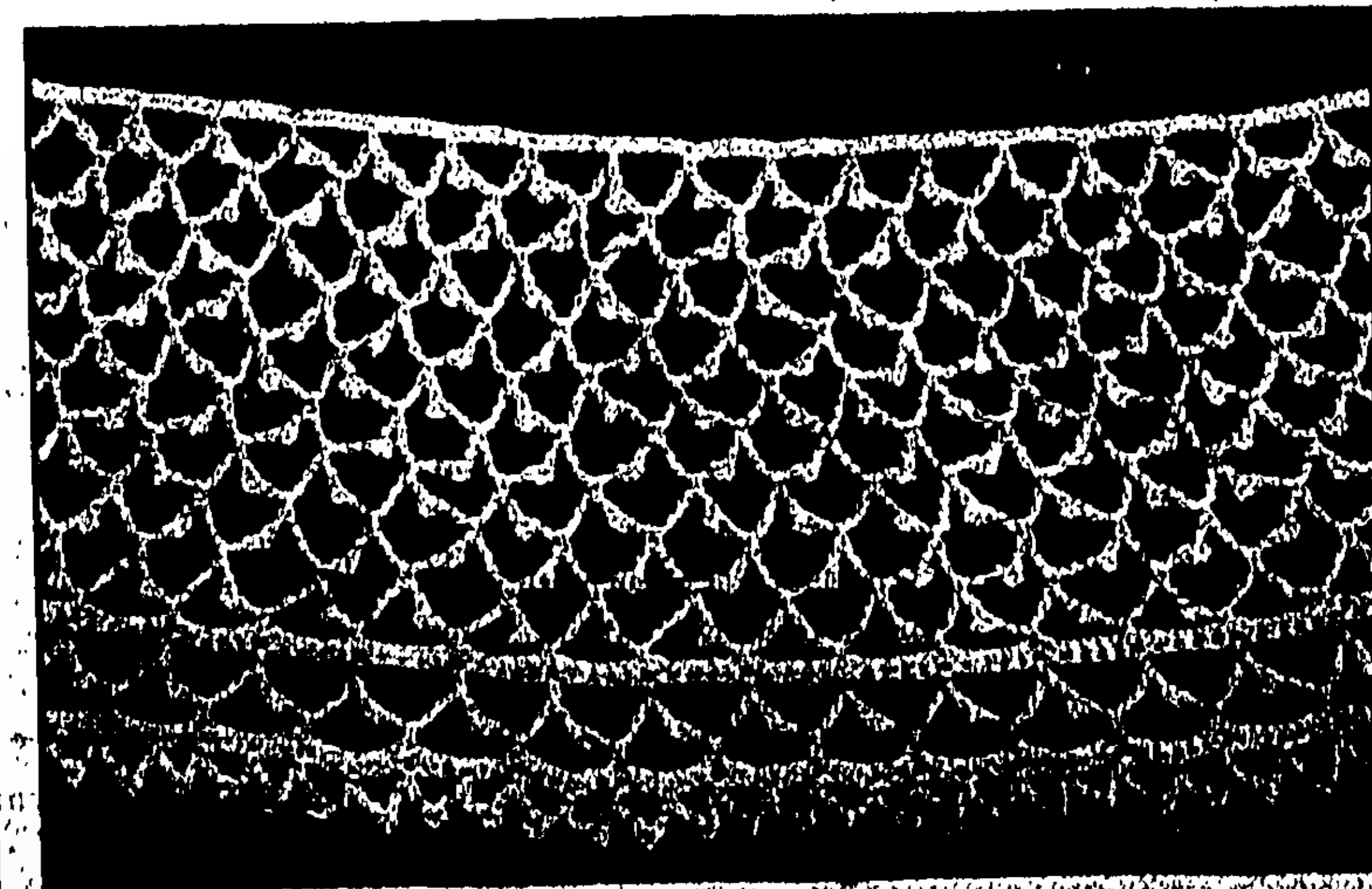
4th Row: * 1 dc into next loop, 6 ch; repeat from * across, 1 ch, turn.



5th Row: As 2nd row working 5 dc into each sp instead of 5 dc, 4 ch, turn.

6th Row: * Picot, 2 ch, miss 2 dc, 1 dc into next dc, 4 ch; repeat from * omitting 4 ch at end of last repeat. Fasten off. Attach thread to last dc on 5th row of edging at inner edging of collar and dc closely across. Fasten off.

Cuffs Make a chain long enough to go round arm, above elbow and then work same as collar.



Household Hints

By Hillary Wentworth

1. Replace torn leather on a shoe heel by sticking it with nail varnish; then varnish over again before polishing.
2. Parsley can be chopped more easily if it is washed first in hot water instead of cold.
3. Mixed mustard will not dry out if just a pinch of ordinary salt is added to it.
4. Taffetas and Satins should be ironed wet, after light squeezing in a clean, dry towel.
5. When kid gloves split, use fine cotton of the same colour as the glove for mending in preference to silk, for it wears better and is less likely to cut the glove. It is an advantage to wax the cotton before using it.
6. When poaching eggs add a few drops of vinegar to the water and they will set more quickly and perfectly.
7. To prevent cheese from going mouldy, wrap around it a piece of muslin dipped in vinegar.
8. To clean a slightly soiled carpet, freshen it up by rubbing dry bicarbonate of soda into the pile, then brushing with the stiff brush.
9. For water-colour stains on school clothes, remove them by rubbing with methylated spirits on a soft cloth.
10. To remove shine on very worn parts of navy blue serge, rub with a little clean beach sand. This tends to raise the pile and remove the shine.

PLANNING THE HOLIDAY

By Gerald Allen

"We ought to be fixing up our holidays," I remarked to Molly.

"There's plenty of time, surely?"

"Not a lot. Everywhere gets booked up so early these days. Would you like to go to Bournemouth again?"

"Let's have a change this year—something really different. A little colour in our lives," suggested Molly.

"Just what I thought," I answered eagerly. "I've got a pile of literature here about holidays at home, holidays abroad—something for everybody. We're bound to find something made to measure for us."

I'll say one thing about my wife when she's interested in anything, she's really keen and co-operative. In no time at all she picked out five or six places where we could spend a most delightful time. All were quite impossible from the financial angle, and the return journey to a couple of them would have swallowed the modest fortnight at our disposal. But we left it at least made a start.

"How about that place we saw in that travel film?" asked Molly's next suggestion. You know the one I mean. I was showing with that picture. It looked so nice.

"What was the name of it?"

"I can't remember, but every body was Spanish. There was a bullfight, a lot of Spanish dancing, 'cañones', 'sol-dancing', 'mantillas'."

"It's pretty nice, but that place you're trying to think of is in Spain, isn't it?"

"Why?" asked Molly, simply.

"Well, if everything in the picture was Spanish, the place must have been in Spain."

"That was the other picture. It's the one showing with I'm trying to remember."

"Don't bother. How about Italy? There must be some of the delightful places to visit there."

"Such as?"

"As always, on being so far questioned, my mind went blank."

"Well, there's Venice, Rome."

"I ventured after prolonged thought."

"That woman I saw in the fishmonger's said one and her husband had a lovely holiday in Venice, didn't they? She says everybody ought to go there."

"That would make it rather crowded. No dear, I rather like being a bit of a fishmonger's wife. No, I want a very funny holiday. Back to Italy, I believe Mrs. As has been there. Just get and had a wonderful time."

"Then I certainly shall go. I don't stand a bit of a chance. I don't want to get to go to do with it."

"That's right. Look up for her. Where's her husband? I'd like to know. She's always around with that fishmonger."

William Hickey

EMBARRASSED YOUNG LADY

WHO are the top hotel down men of London—the men in magnificent gold braid who summon a cab or usher a duchess with the presence of a grand duke?

They earn a little more than £4 a week under Catering Wages Act rates, but they live on tips. I estimate they make between £500 and £1,000 a year.

One of the most magnificent is Hubert Shergold, 58, 6ft. 2½in., an N.C.O. in the Blues for 12 years.

He stands outside the Dorchester in an olive green frock-coat, black top with broad gold band and green cockade, a striped green waistcoat, and white cotton gloves.

He told me: "I opened the front door on April 18, 1931, to the first customers. Since then I've ushered in kings, Princes and Prime Ministers—everyone who was anybody."

After 25 years Mr Shergold has acquired a memory for top-drawer faces and names and a piercing whistle which can even pierce a taxi from outside rival Grosvenor House up the road.

He says Americans are in general the best tippers; but his best-ever—£25—came from a Jockey Club steward.

His most embarrassing moment was showing a young lady of little to a cab when the waistband of her skirt snapped and she was left standing in her panties.

ing man with the flashy car—they were down in London last week-end, I'm told."

"How about the south of France?" I suggested patiently.

"You don't mean they've been there, too? Oh, I see, you're still talking about the holiday. Well, I don't know. To be truthful, I'm always afraid of being robbed in the customs."

"One needn't go to the customs."

"But that's half the fun, having a little gamble. It's not worth going to the south of France, unless you do."

"Well, why not Paris?"

"We're really too old. I always think that to appreciate Paris you want to be very young and innocent or very old and wise. We're in between, if you see what I mean."

"I don't, but I doubt if we could afford to go there, anyway. Let's see, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, perhaps you know, it's a baby thing, everyone says you can have an awfully cheap holiday over there. But the fares to those places are more than we've got to spend on our bed and board. How on earth do people manage it?"

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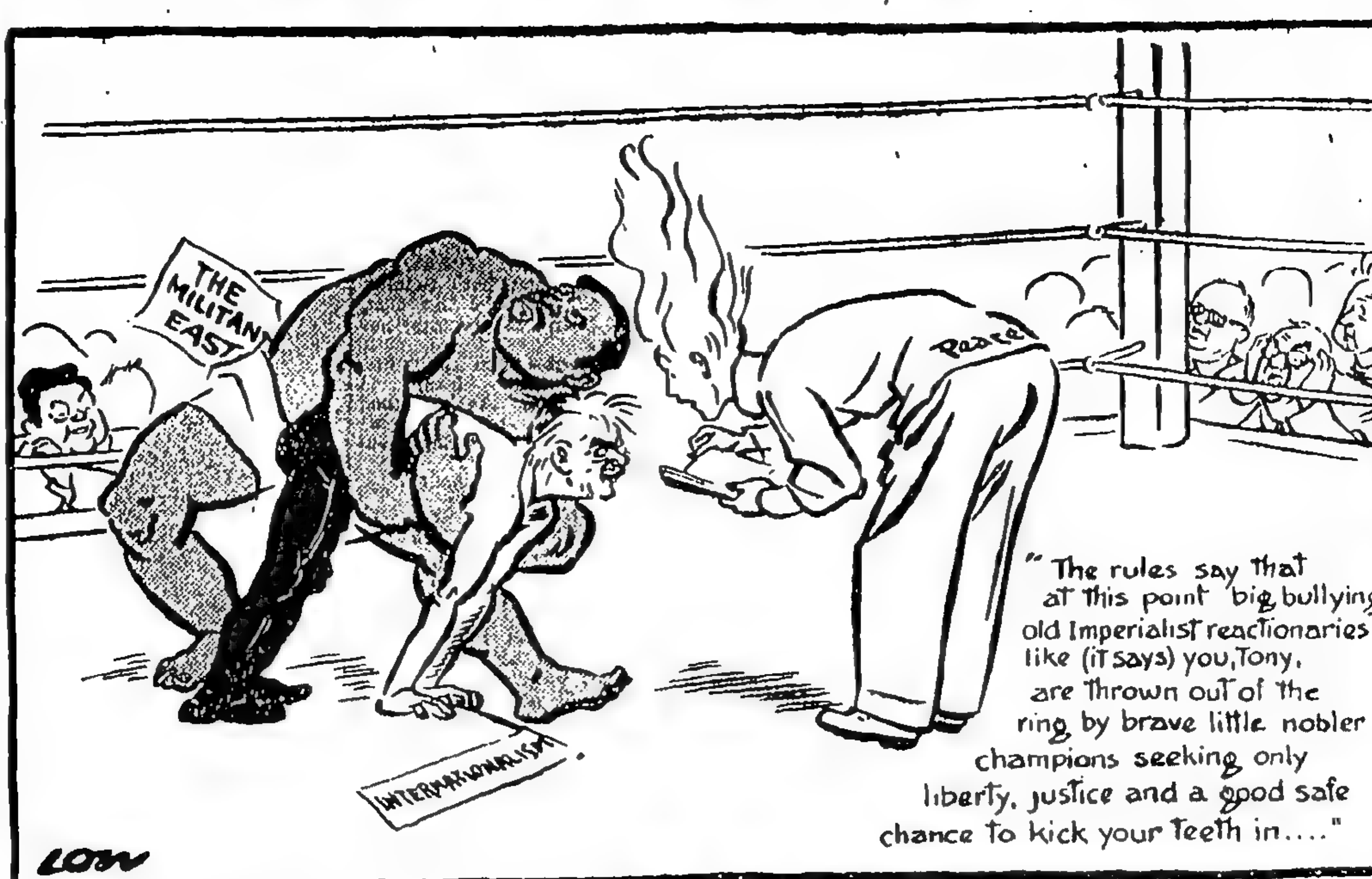
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IRON MAN

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FRANK COUSINS

... he knows most of the tricks

How will Frank Cousins use his power?

That is the enigma of the quiet man who is the new General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union... the most powerful job outside Downing Street

by Robert J. Edwards

ONE enormous leg stretched out of the black Ford Zephyr and rested on the pavement. The rest of G. R. 11, in Frank Cousins was inside.

An industrial reporter, spotting him, hurried across. "Shh!" said Cousins, putting a finger to his lips. Reverently the two men listened over the car radio to the latest cricket scores.

Thus was established one incontrovertible fact about the new general secretary of the mighty Transport and General Workers' Union. He is fond of the national game.

I can also report that he is a successful gardener. His gladioli have been much

praised. So have his chrysanthemums. Both have won prizes.

Fifty-one-year-old Mr Cousins, father of four, is known, too, to be a happy family man—proud, particularly, of the RAF son who is going to Cambridge, and

as Arthur Deakin did during the great crises of post-war Socialist politics.

But many a quiet man has secret, blither passions within him—even men who live, like Frank Cousins, in semi-detached at Worcester Park. Will Cousins work out his Socialist anger on the employers with a series of disastrous strikes?

of his four-year-old daughter Frances, who tried on her first school hat.

For the rest, he is something of a mystery, the subject of much speculation than any trade union leader since the war. The speculation centres round two questions: whether he is an extremist, and, if so, how much damage he will do before he reaches the T. & G. retirement age in 1970.

The importance of these questions can hardly be overstressed. The general secretary of the transport workers dominates the TUC. He can make nonsense of a Tory Chancellor's economic policy on such issues as wage restraint. He dominates the Socialist Party. If he wants more nationalisation, more nationalisation it is.

Most Powerful

HE can paralyse the docks, stop the buses, cut off all petrol supplies. Provided he has his executive with him, and that has never presented a problem to past general secretaries, he is the most powerful man in Britain outside Downing Street.

During an hour's interview with Mr Cousins at his third-floor Transport House office, I sought to discover what kind of life he is going to allow us during his reign.

I was made immediately conscious of the cult of the individual that has ruled the union since Ernest Bevin left his sarsaparilla round to found it. A large photograph of Bevin as a young man stared at the back of Cousins' neck. A bust of Bevin the statesman, stared at me. In the outer office, a portrait of the rugged Arthur Deakin, Bevin's successor, dominated the scene.

It was, I thought, like the Kremlin before they took the pictures down. And my first impression of Cousins was that he is as unlike his predecessors as Bulgankin and Krushchev are unlike Stalin.

Quiet spoken, smiling easily, with no trace of malice for anyone, he did not strike me as a forceful personality who could flay men mercilessly, as Bevin did Lansbury in a speech that was a turning point in Socialist history.

Neither could I imagine him yelling hysterical abuse at his opponents, nor bullying his delegates into utter obedience,

I do not think so. Everything he said was temperate, especially about strikes. "If you show you are willing to strike," he told me, "that usually does away with the need."

The BMC strike may have been his way of showing other employers and his own members that he is willing. But he made

a major miscalculation in believing that the high-earning motor workers are as solid against the bosses as the industry's poor quality shop stewards claimed. Many of them are solid Tories.

If this miscalculation raises the question whether Cousins is up to his job, I have reassuring news. At least the new general secretary is not going to commit some of the costly blunders that characterised the Deakin regime.

Millions of pounds have been lost to Britain through repeated unofficial dock strikes. Every one of them could have been avoided, but Deakin never bothered to consult properly with his waterfront members, and he never took sufficient pains to inform them of union decisions. Result: the Communists took over the docks.

New Regime

COUSINS is trying to establish a better relationship in future. "Our newly appointed docks secretary is doing a great deal of work in that direction," he told me. "We are getting slowly back to the state in which we at Transport House are not blamed by our members for all the evils on earth."

Which suggests that instead of more strikes, we may have fewer under the new regime. With the exports battle growing hotter every week, the country will earnestly hope so.

Yorkshire-bred Frank Cousins believes his job is to do "quiet, serious work, without," he said, "too much of the attitude of violence of speech." But he knows that he will achieve nothing but chaos unless he has his members on his side.

As a man who has delivered coal to housewives, been a pit boy, coal-face worker and furniture remover, he has a strictly bred—and better—attitude to his job.

When Bevin recruited him as a full-time official in 1935, he was a long-distance lorry

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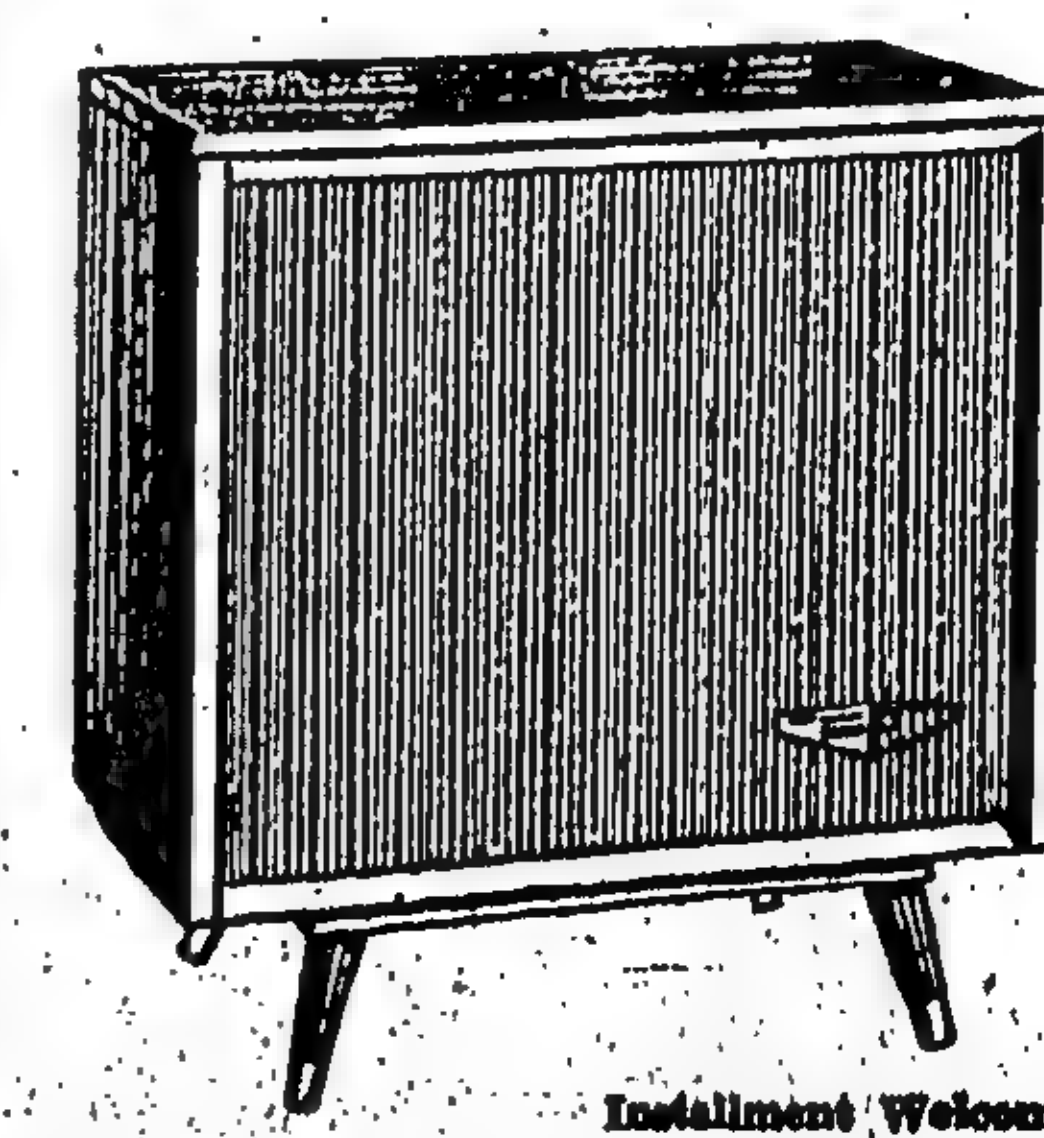
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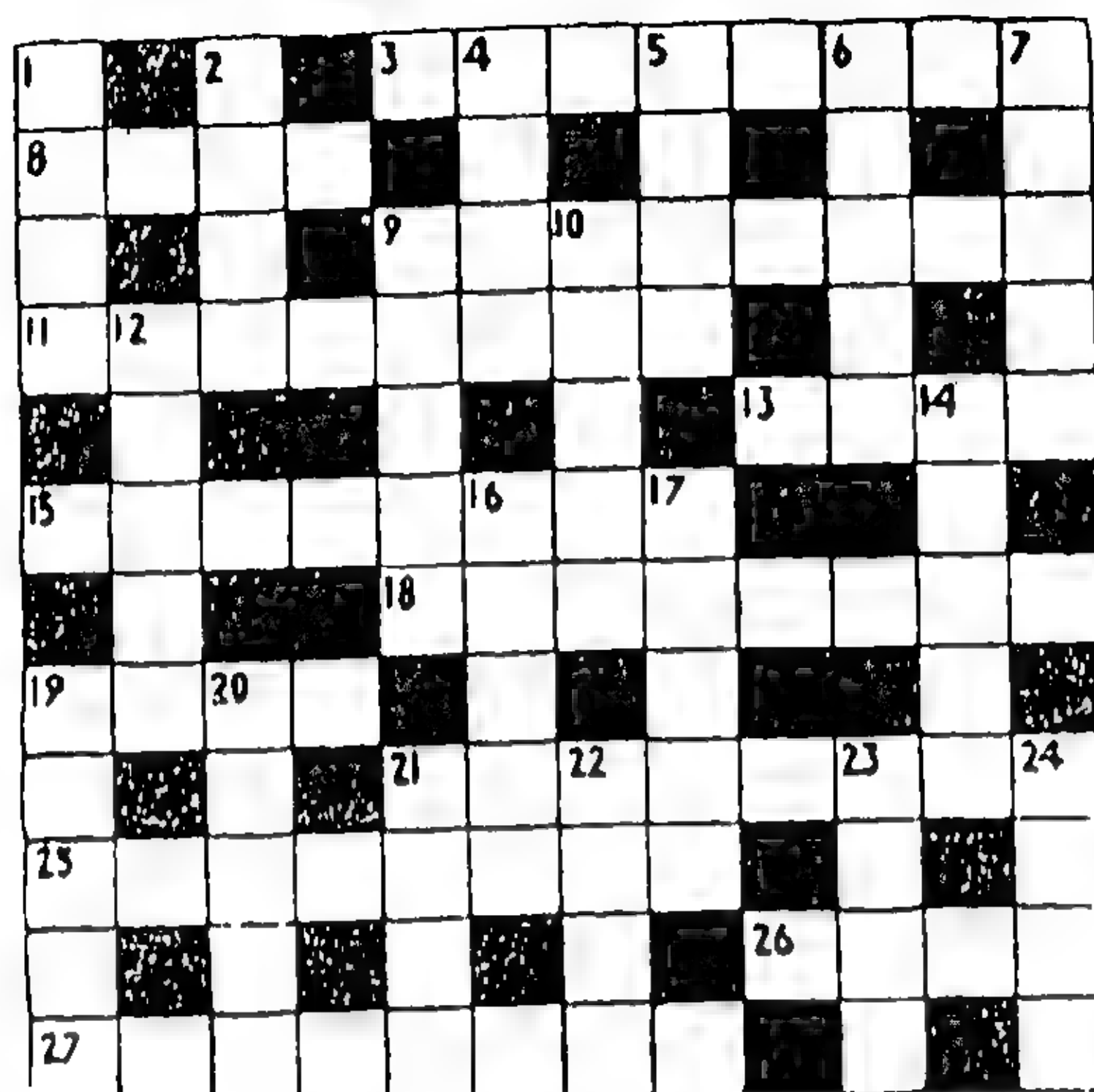
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POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 10 per cent (8)
 8 Who plant (4)
 9 Picnic (8)
 11 Knitted (8)
 13 Spoken (4)
 15 Ben (8)
 16 Tender (8)
 18 Try out (4)
 21 Towards (8)
 25 Tends (8)
 26 Roles (4)
 27 Disagree (8)

DOWN

- 2 Woe (4)
 4 Trick (4)
 5 Encourage (4)
 6 Land measure (4)
 7 Vary (5)
 9 End (5)
 10 Swift (5)
 12 Draper (5)
 14 Bat (5)
 17 Played a part (5)
 19 Commenced (5)
 20 Colours (5)
 22 Attempted (5)
 23 Discharge (5)
 24 Terrible (4)
 27 Dispatched (4)
 28 Mature (4)
 29 Chanted (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Cross, 4 Verge, 7 External, 8 Used, 9 Petrol, 11 Emerald, 13 Prelate, 15 Silent, 16 Rites, 17 Examples, 20 Great, 21 Emory, 22 Down, 1 Cheap, 2 Stern, 3 Single, 4 Value, 5 Renegade, 6 Exiled, 10 Treatise, 12 Message, 13 Pining, 14 Assent, 16 Lapse, 17 Testy

IF YOU WANT TO WRITE A DETECTIVE STORY....

by Nancy Spain

OUR BOOK CRITIC—WITH TEN WHODUNITS OF HER OWN—EXPLAINS HOW FOUR AUTHORS GET THE THING ON PAPER

Michael Gilbert, leads a turbulent, emotional life and gets involved in some fearfully gripping Secret Service goings-on in Austria. Philip has to follow a series of brisk Treasury Hunt clues to try to find a friend who has disappeared. This takes him deep in the heart of some Middle European political catch-as-catch-can, where chaps get gagged and bound at the drop of a hat, and a general strike is organised so that the Top Boy of the pro-Communist Republic can be smuggled into England.

Gilbert, a 43-year-old author, lives near Rochester in Kent with his wife and five children, travels to work every day in a first-class railway carriage (second class travellers are too friendly), looks over the shoulder too much, writing 600 words a day in a counsel's notebook. His typist reads back his handwriting in the evenings.

Now for a bumper volume from the greatest American woman detective writer Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's MYSTERY BOOK (Cassell 10s.). It contains three first-class, full-length novels, of which The Circular Staircase is about the best.

In this, Mrs. Rinehart has two young, enterprising 20-year-old women called Halsey and Gertrude. She takes a furnished house for them in the country. The house belongs to a family called Armstrong. All the servants live in a body because of ghosts, ghouls, and bumps in the night.

A new housekeeper, called Alice Watson, comes. And they have been there a week before young Mr. Arnold Armstrong is found dead at the bottom of the circular staircase.

The reader's Book containing most of Halsey and Gertrude's cash is robbed. And suspect cashier Bailey is in love with Gertrude.

My, my, my. But all is well in the end.

This astonishing, gripping and very up-to-date story was written in 1908. In these days often enough physically. Where it was limited as "the greatest his or her body is spared such thing since Edgar Allan Poe"

and "better than Conan Doyle," which it certainly is. Mary Roberts Rinehart is 80 this year, and lives in great style in a Park Avenue apartment. John P. Marquand once told me how she writes her books. She has long, long strips of stiff paper, like super galley proofs, with further strips pasted on either side. Then she writes in sub plots to left and right, has the whole thing re-typed, and then starts over again. No wonder the plots are so thick. All in all, she has about five re-typings.

HERES something tough, slick, and up to date. Jonathan Latimer's SINNERS AND SHROUDS (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), full of drink and debauchery, but nevertheless good.

In this a newspaperman called Sam Clay wakes up with a hangover in a strange room with a murdered, naked lady. He has been neatly framed. And to his chagrin he (and a few other reporters) is

assigned to the crime, to report on it. Keeping one jump ahead of the police, his colleagues and a devastating female newspaper owner called Mrs. Palmer, he finally pins down Mrs. Palmer. She dunnit because the dead lady had been blackmailing her for years.

Chicago-born Jonathan Latimer has been a newspaperman. As all good newspapermen (and women) do he basins it all straight out on the typewriter.

ON TO GOODBYE IS NOT WORTHWHILE (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.) by William Mele. A splendidly grave account of fearful goings-on in Barbados. Emily murders her husband Timothy by pushing him off a motor-boat because he is really too lovely to her and keeps a lying diary about his imaginary amours.

Then Emily gets herself murdered by John, who cuts her throat. And the rather agreeable detective Casson Duker is accused of this second killing, and he to work like a bumble bee to get himself proved innocent.

Thirty-eight-year-old William Mele (real name William Younger) is author Dennis Wheatley's stepson. His first draft is done in quadruple spacing for final extensive corrections.

JEWS IN TUNISIA

THE PILLAR OF SALT. By Albert Memmi. Elok Books, London.

THE hero is born of a Herber mother and a Jewish father in the medieval darkness and squalor of a Tunis ghetto. The novel concludes with the Nazi occupation of Tunis and its aftermath.

The title of the novel recalls Lot's wife to memory, and the book was awarded the Prix Fémina, was chosen Book of the Month by the Société des Lecteurs de France. The English translation contains a glowing tribute to its North African author by Albert Camus.

Memmi's hero did, in fact, look back, and so deeply and incisively, with such stark observation that his narrative is more naked than a newborn human.

Except for the hero's one love, every character who enters the story is throughly understood. Where that Jew nor Gentile would be likely to admit as honest till he had read it from cover to cover.—MHT.

played into the character's processes of thought until these too are shown of all covering. Jews and Arabs, immigrant Italians and French Colonial officials are put under a microscope. Most closely studied are the Jews, whose ways of life, thought and religion are mercilessly examined, every facet in turn being dissected with a sharp knife.

The hero of the novel is a Jew himself who, though exempted from incarceration in a concentration camp, gets himself interned there of his own choice. His most bitter denunciation of his own North African Jewish comes of his experiences in this forced labour camp.

In this book is not for the squeamish. Two of its most memorable chapters—the two most powerful and naked of the book—will for this reason never find their way into any anthology. It is an honest book that neither Jew nor Gentile would be likely to admit as honest till he had read it from cover to cover.—MHT.

A scream in the night —from Annie



ANNIE ROSS—now a record contract

IT was midnight. There was Annie Ross, the girl who changed overnight from dance-band singer to stage star in the revue Cranks, trying to tell me what she wanted to do next.

There was also Georgia Brown (who played one of the less respectable parts in The Threepenny Opera), trying to tell me about life in a 10-guinea-a-week, two-roomed flat with Annie.

"What I must do now," said Annie, "is learn to act."

"Act!" said Georgia. "You should have seen her..."

Annie interrupted: "I know I'm on the stage," she said. "I suppose I'm a star. But being an actress is more than that."

"...with the mouse," said Georgia.

"I ought really to have taken singing lessons," said Annie. "But I came from the sort of family that said: 'If she's going to sing, she can sing naturally.'"

"It was four in the morning," said Georgia. "She woke me up screaming that there was a mouse on her bed. Then she jumped on to a railway—oh, six yards away—in one leap. And the railway is six feet high."

"The railway," said Annie, "is six ft. high."

"Eight on the top," said Georgia.

"And it's only two yards from the bed," said Annie.

"In one leap," said Georgia. "And she stood there putting the legs of her pyjamas up round her knees and screaming."

"The poor girl upstairs must have thought she'd found a man under her bed—or hadn't found a man under her bed. Anyway the mouse ran away."

"As I was saying," said Annie. "I must learn to act. I don't want to go back to singing in a dance band at Tunbridge Wells—which was where John Cranko, who wrote and devised Cranks, found her."

Who is this Annie Ross? I will tell you. She is the British girl most likely to become a really great star.

At 25 she has a small devoted following. One of them is Princess Margaret, who has seen Cranks three times.

HAUNTING

She has a slight American accent (it's genuine—she was born in Surrey into the Scots show business family Logan, but lived in the U.S. from the age of two to 17); she has a Left Bank look (acquired during a four-year stint in Paris jazz clubs); she has red hair that looks as if it was cut by a saw.

She cannot dance, she cannot act. Except for a few sweet notes her voice is wavering, sometimes harsh, sometimes out of tune. "I know," she says, "I often sing flat."

"She she has something extra. What is it? Just this. A haunting quality, a cat-like charm, a sleek, animal wildness."

Hear it in the long-player of John Addison's music made by the Cranks (H.M.V. CLP 1082).

Annie has just signed a recording contract. After life on what she calls "peanuts—but I'd better not comment," recording is a venture that could keep her in a manner to which she is not accustomed.

A SECRET GROTTTO

A SENSATIONAL discovery. A has been made in Capri: a new secret grotto where Emperor Tiberius used to bathe.

The new grotto can be reached only by swimming under water, but the Roman Emperor was able to reach it by steps and through a tunnel in the rock.

A part of the steps gave entry to the tunnel, which leads to the palace, and have been found in the new grotto.

The discovery was made by Commander Raimondo Boucher, Italy's underwater swimming champion and holder of a world diving record. Boucher reached a depth of 114 feet without breathing apparatus, using only goggles and frogman's feet—London Express Service.

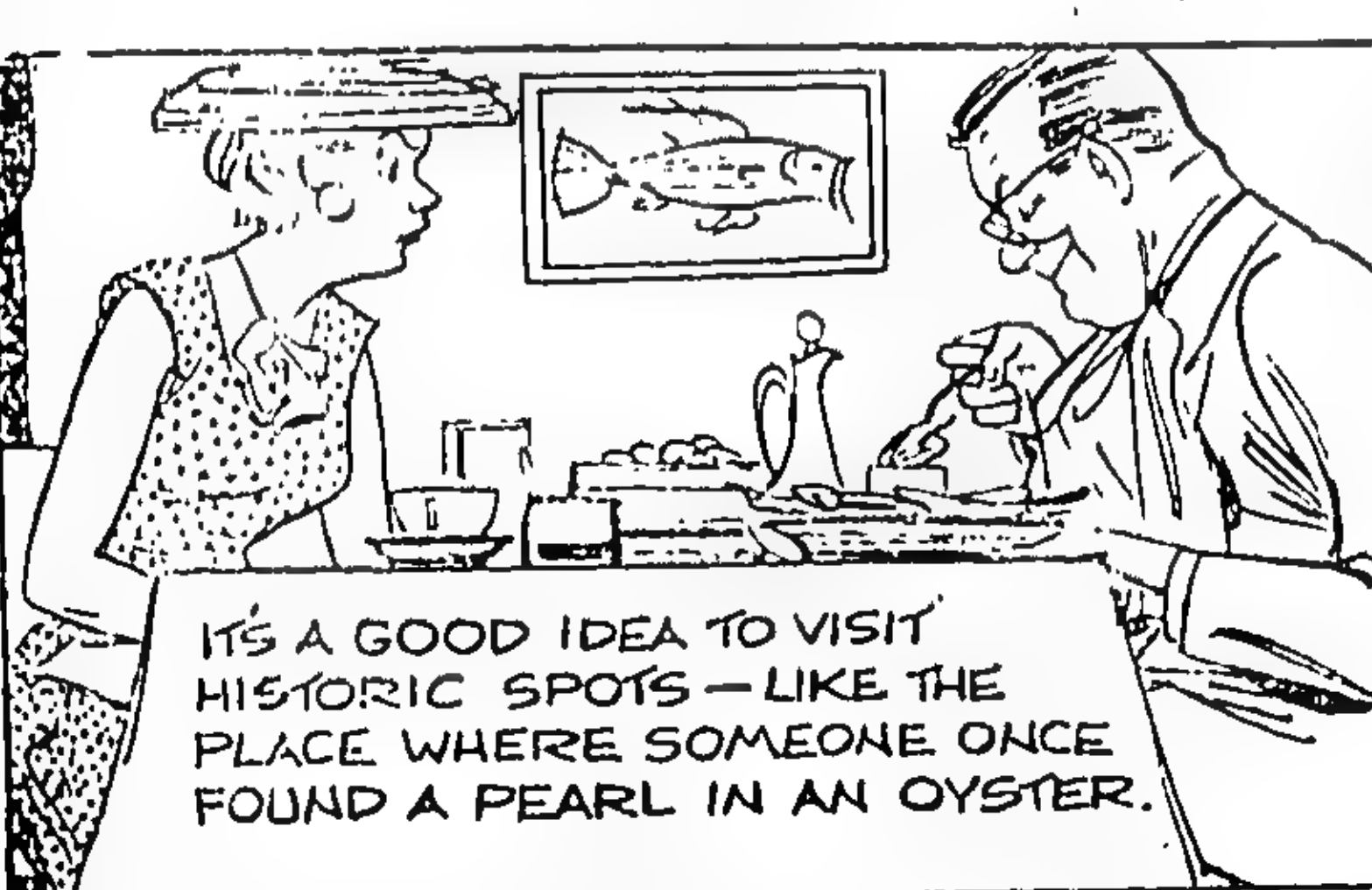
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Spending The Holiday

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE TRAFFIC COP SPENDS THE DAY WATCHING THEM PASS THE RED LIGHT—AND CALLING THEIR ATTENTION TO THE MATTER.



IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO VISIT HISTORIC SPOTS—LIKE THE PLACE WHERE SOMEONE ONCE FOUND A PEARL IN AN OYSTER.



FOR THOSE WHO HATE CROWDS, THERE'S THE VAST AND ROLLING OCEAN—IF YOU CAN FIND IT.



THE GIRL AND A COUPLE OF STEAKS—ONLY DON'T GIVE ALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE STEAK.



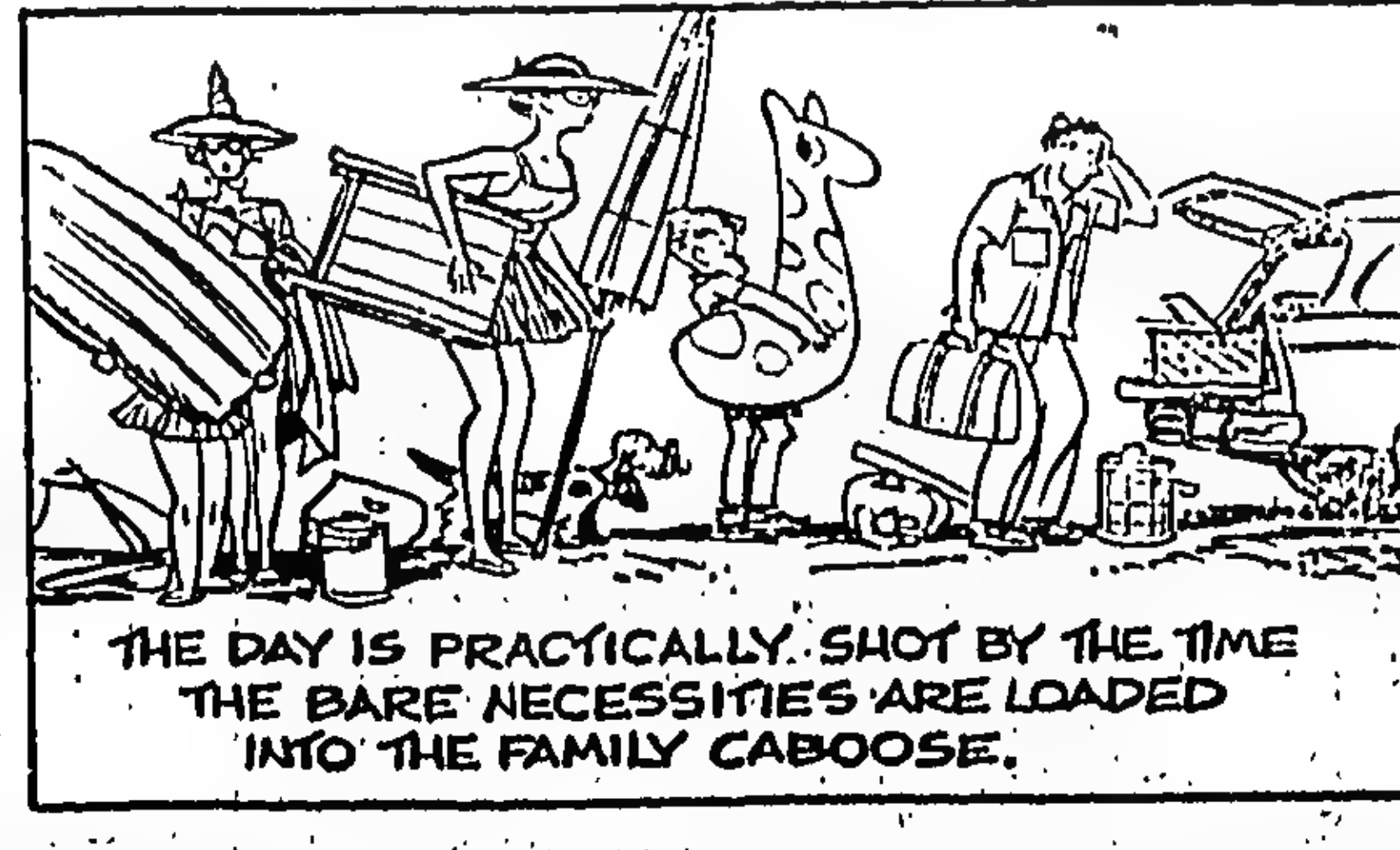
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO WHEN SHE ISN'T INTERESTED IN FISHING—AND THAT'S GO FISHING—AFTER ALL, IT IS INDEPENDENCE DAY.



IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR NATURE LOVERS TO HELP THEMSELVES TO SHRUBS, FLOWERS AND YOUNG TREES—ANYTHING THAT ISN'T NAILED DOWN.



AN EXPERIENCED POOL KNOWS THAT THE BEST PLACE TO SPEND THE HOLIDAY IS AT HOME—UNDER A BED.



THE DAY IS PRACTICALLY SHOT BY THE TIME THE BARE NECESSITIES ARE LOADED INTO THE FAMILY CABOOSE.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Piatigorsky Recital On Monday

At present visiting the Colony is the famous Russian-born American violoncellist, Gregor Piatigorsky, known as the "Prince among cellists", and on Monday evening at half past nine he is to broadcast a recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong.

This great musician has been responsible in recent years for "popularising" the cello, particularly as a solo instrument. Less than thirty years ago audiences in America had never heard a cello recital. As a result of his influence, more composers are now writing for this instrument, and Piatigorsky has himself enriched the repertoire for the cello through his many transcriptions of works by the great composers.

On Monday, his programme will include "Sonata in G Minor by Eccles; Adagio and Rondo by Weber; 'Elegie' by Faure and Introduction and Variations by Schubert. The accompanist for this recital will be Ralph Berkowitz (piano).

Noel Coward A famous artist in a fabulous setting. Noel Coward at Las Vegas. Tonight at 8.15 in "Celebrity Spotlight", this great writer, composer, and entertainer can be heard singing some of his most famous songs, and some new arrangements, all recorded in actual performance at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, Las Vegas. People who saw the film will recognize the setting.

Life with the Lyons - Listeners who enjoy "Life with the Lyons" will be glad to hear that the Lyons family have returned to the air, and can be heard on Thursday evenings at 7.30.

Next week their problem is "The New Wallpaper". With Betty Daniels and the Lyons family, the programme are their children, Barbara and Richard, Doris Rogers, Charles Hawtrey, and the HBC Variety Orchestra.

Bank Holiday Programme - Thursday being a public holiday, Radio Hongkong will be on the air from eight in the morning, until eleven-thirty in the evening.

For those listeners who may have missed the first broadcast last week, "Hong Kong Flotilla", a story in round of the changes now taking place in the Colony's Own Naval Force, will be repeated on Thursday morning at 12.30. The actually reporter for this programme was Ted Thomas and the narrator was Timothy Birch.

In the afternoon, at 2.15, a Henry Wood Promenade Concert will be on the air, played by the HBC Orchestra, and conducted by Sir John Barroll. The programme consists mainly of works by Strauss and Lehar.

Variety - Top of the Bill in tomorrow night's "Show Time" from the London Palladium is the popular comedian Max Miller, supported in his programme by one of England's best-known harmonica players, Ronald Clegg, and the Skylarks Orchestra with the Singing Skylarks.

Pushkin Play - Russia in the early nineteenth century provided a romantic setting for Alexander Pushkin's greatest poem - the immensely vivid, elegant, and lyrical "Eugene Onegin". With Denholm Elliott and Maxine Audley in the principal parts, "Eugene Onegin" can be heard in Wednesday Theatre this week, at 9 p.m. The story has been dramatised for radio and produced for the BBC by Wilfred Grantham.



Gregor Piatigorsky, the internationally famous 'cellist', who will broadcast a recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at 9.30 on Monday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today
2.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
2.35 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.
3.15 NEWS WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
3.40 "JUST FOR YOU."
3.45 LATE AFTERNOON MUSIC.
3.50 "A LIFE OF GLASS" - WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Briggmont. Episode 20.
3.55 FORTUNE CHOICE.
4.00 THE FAJAMA GAME.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.05 "SWINGIN' DOWN TONDER."
1.10 "Let's Go!"
1.15 "The Morning Way"
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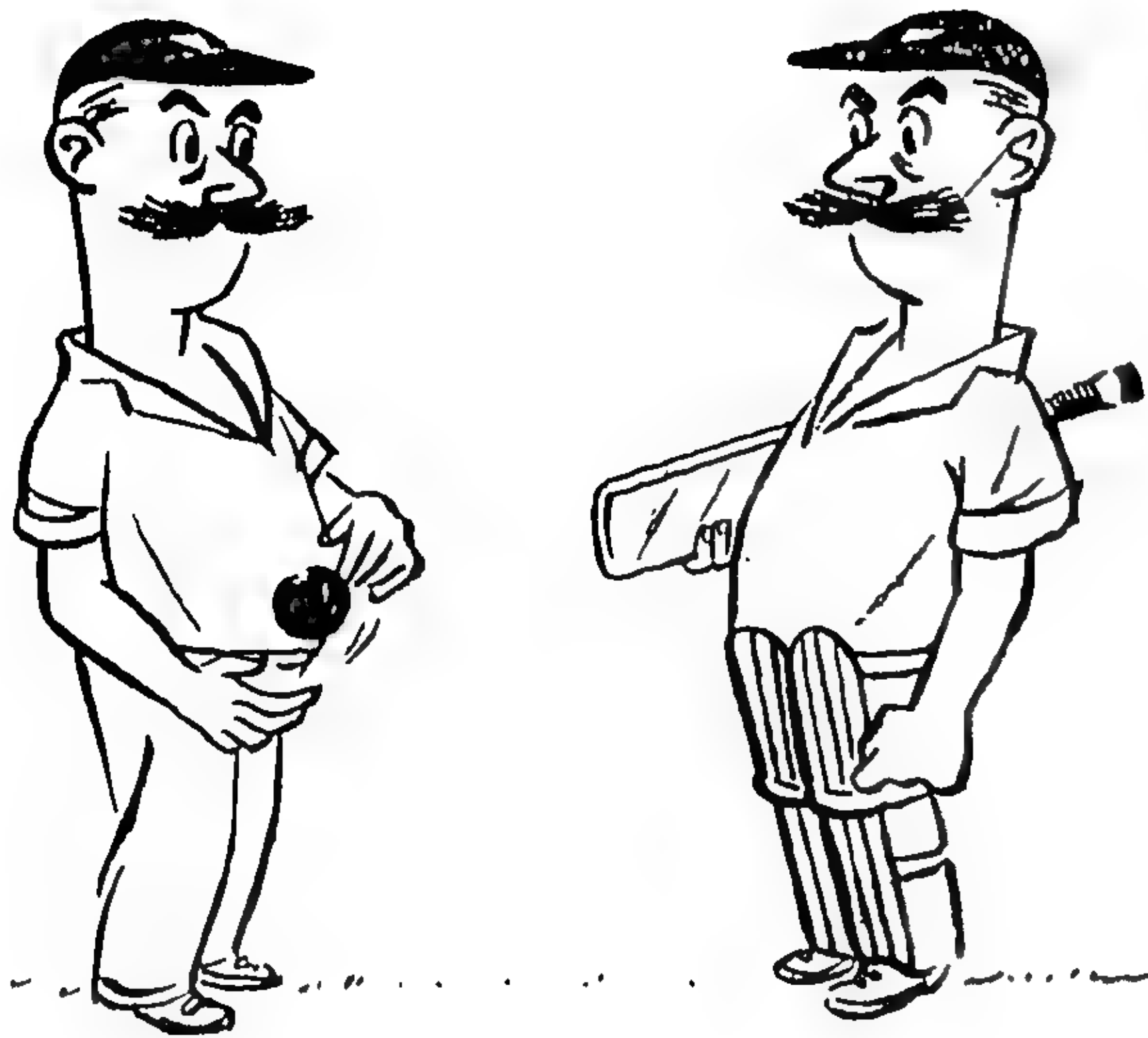
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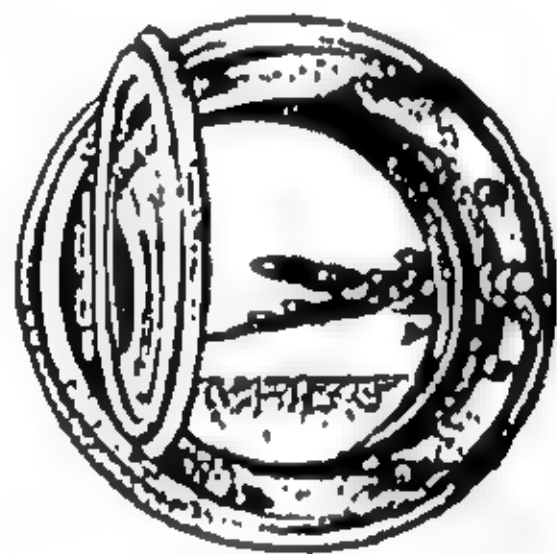
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SPORTS SPECTRUM

Juicy Baits Don't Always Hook The Best Catches

Big John sat back at his ease and, in a detached sort of way, watched the ripples around his fishing line. The old cronies' launch party was a great success and he felt that maybe there was something in this 'getting-away-from-it-all' stuff after all. He glanced over his shoulder and smiled as he saw Mr Wong stretched out on the deck, fast asleep, with his line twisted round his foot. The world seemed peaceful and pleasant and even the few remaining traces of Wong's black eye appeared less prominent.

Big John reaches for a cushion which lay nearby and with a display of uncanny accuracy scored a direct hit on his old friend's mid-section.

With a cry of alarm Wong sat up with a start, clutching his line as he did so, but realising the significance of the disturbance he voiced his displeasure.

"Can't a man have a few minutes' peace and quiet around here, even when he's at sea?" he asked. "I can have cushions thrown at me at home without coming all this way to make myself a sitting target for you."

"I've been idling here for the last hour waiting in vain for a bite. My only entertainment has been watching the ever changing pattern of the ripples around my line, and I've only just realised the fish are being frightened away by your noises."

"Have a still night and wake yourself up by lying there like some great potentate or like a Hongkong soccer star reflecting on the comfort of a new season's registration form."

"Soccer," said Mr Wong in deliberate tones. "I knew there was something I wanted to talk to you about, and you've just brought it back to mind."

He made up his mind to go on but Big John interrupted him. "Thinking-like fishing in the sun is a third way, and if this is going to be a long story you'd better have a quenching."

The boat-boy soon produced two stiff whiskeys with soda and ice in long glasses, and when the time-honoured ritual of thirst-quenching had been duly enacted Wong decided that John's significant nod could mean only "Shoot."

Mr Wong snapped up the cue and dived into his story.

"John, do you remember the piece of paper I showed you recently with the names of footballers on one side and their possible new clubs on the other?" Big John nodded his confirmation.

"Well," said Mr Wong, "the whole picture has changed again and the people who a couple of weeks ago had the information right from the horse's mouth—so to speak—and were willing to bet good money on its accuracy have now had to change their tune completely. My own impression is that the shocking scenes at Kai Tak when the South China boys returned..."

"I suppose you mean by that the way you were physically abused and manhandled and intimidated by signing a corpulent club for some unsuspecting trio..." interrupted Big John.

"Your manners are no better than your suppositions," replied Mr Wong. "If you would stop chipping in I'd be able to tell you what I do mean... and also bring you up to date with all that has happened recently."

John spread his hands out in mock submission. "Fire ahead, me old pal, who am I to stop any tale of tall-twisting which is so much a part of Hongkong soccer? ... But I hope this is a better story than the last one you told me..."

Mr Wong was obviously impatient to begin and before John could add anything to his quip he played his first ace. "South China are not going to lose their star players after all and as a dyed-in-the-wool Caroline Hillier, I'm delighted to tell you that according to my friends' latest information, Yiu Cheuk-yin, Ho Cheung-yau and all the others will be doing their stuff once again in the red, white and blue shirts..."

"Oh, come off it, Wong," cut in Big John with more than just a touch of edge on his voice. "It's only a little over a week ago since you told me that half the team would be playing for CAA next season."

Either you are twisting the stories or your source of information isn't nearly as sound as you pretend it is."

"What I told you a little time ago was quite reliable. I can assure you," replied Wong, "but with so much at stake in this year's football many strange things can happen and happen quickly. The ways and whims of our soccer folks have never been more inconsistent... and that is as true of some of the clubs as it is of the players."

"Much of what has been going on was nothing more than a big game of blind man's bluff... or what I mean. But a lot of what I told you before has of course happened—or so the grape vine has it—and at this stage it looks as though only South China have survived the iniquitous periodic piracy of players that has been going on."

Wong stopped for breath and Big John, who had lit up an ancient pipe, puffed away at it in deep contemplation for some time before making any reply. When it did come it was rather surprising.

"Wong, you and I have been friends for a long long time and I know you to well to think you have invented this tale but unless you can give me some facts and figures I'm afraid I'm going to take this whole unlikely yarn with a pinch of salt..."

Wong threw his half smoked cigarette over the side of the launch. He turned round until he was facing Big John, and using the cushion which had been thrown at him a little earlier to make himself more comfortable, he went into the fray with a virile verbal onslaught.

"It's you, and the other disbelieving and doubting Thomases, who make things easier for those people in our football who expect something that somebody else happens to have..."

"Many of them don't really care a hoot about football. What they want is to be big and important... to be the Number One... and some of them aren't too particular how they achieve their ambitions."

Big John was having none of this at all. "More airy-fairy talk. I've heard it all a dozen times in varying forms, but all of them are as vague as stories can be. I know our so-called amateur players move about from club to club with fascinating regularity..."

"I'll even give in to the school of thought which asks why players who have good jobs connected with their football should suddenly throw them overboard to wear different colours... and I'll agree with you that this talk of players getting \$40,000, \$52,000, and such like to put their names on a registration form wants a bit of explaining... and investigation..."

"...but give me facts, Wong, and I'll line myself up with you in any soccer cleansing campaign you like to start. Nothing could be fairer than that..."

Wong skipped the question of agreement. "Facts are hard to pin down, but for what it's worth I'll tell you what my friends think will happen to some of our top class players on the opening day of the season."

"South China will still have all their stars. Kitchoe will have Tam Nai-huen from Sing Tao in goal and Lee Ping-chiu and Lok Pak from Eastern playing just in front of him. Lau Tim and Szeto Yiu from KMB will be in the middle line while another ex-Busman, Szeto Man, will have ex-United Young Wah-lo and Lee Tak-tung in the forward line with him."

"Eastern, last season's double winners, may well have Lau Yee, the Colony left-back, in their defence with Toledo and Kwok Shek, also ex-Kitchener, in the middle line. If everything goes according to the present plans they will also have Lo and Wong, a couple of Sing Tao's brilliant youngsters, and schoolboy Kung Wah-kit in their line-up. KMB will have Lau Chi-lam back again after a season with Eastern but it looks as though they are going to put their faith in up-and-coming youngsters to make good the ravages caused by the departure of field stars... and they may well win out in the end. Poor old Sing Tao seem to have had things pretty rough too with possibly as many as five players on the farewell list... I hope they can repair the damage to their fine young side..."

Big John sat staring at his fishing line for a time, it appeared to give him inspiration. Slowly he pulled it out of the water... and examined the two hooks carefully. He baited one with a big juicy bait and put a very small one on the other.

"Wong," he said with great deliberation, "I have always believed there are as good fish in the sea as have ever been taken out of it. I'm sure the Tigers and their ilk will get their fair share without all the ruthless grubbing that has characterised some of their competitors."

With that Big John, who hadn't had a bite all afternoon, cast his line carelessly into the sea and turned to say something to Mr Wong, but a hefty tug at his tackle brought forth a shout of elation.

He struggled to pull his prize aboard. It was a magnificent specimen... but John's eyes were all for the untouched hook which still boasted the big fat juicy bait. "See what I mean, Mr Wong," the tempting baits don't always get the true prizes."

Visits By French And Japanese Rugger Teams A Possibility This Season

By "PAK LO"

Although the beginning of the rugby season will not be upon us for a few weeks yet, it is, I feel, about time that those enthusiasts who have started training be given an outline of this season's programme, whilst those who are debating starting training in the near future may be tempted into digging out their togs and doing a few laps round the field in the near future.

First the composition of this year's Hongkong Rugby Union. The various representatives were selected a few weeks ago and rugby fans will be pleased to hear that Mike Douglas has again accepted the position of Chairman of the HKRU with Mr Slack being the Club Representative and Secretary.

The Army, Navy, RAF and Police representatives are respectively Messrs. Ledsham, Lloyd, Laling, and Colborne. In the interim between last season and this the HKRU has by no means been inactive as their activities have included contact with Japan, from which it was originally hoped that a combined Japanese and European XV would be forthcoming.

The latest information on this matter, however, is that the XV will be composed entirely of Japanese players, but at present, due to the Australian tour of Japan last year, and the fact that they are expecting a tour by the French Universities this season, they are afraid that the cost of a tour to Hongkong would be beyond their means.

However, the matter is by no means settled and it is still possible that somehow a method will be found by which they may be brought down here.

Attempts are also being made to contact the aforementioned French Universities, in the hope that they may be able to squeeze in a couple of games, either on their way to, or from, Japan.

Negotiations are also being carried out with Singapore, where it is hoped to send a Colony XV this season.

During the summer a letter was received from Mr Beedles in Singapore. It will be remembered that at the end of last season it was reported by the news agencies that he had proposed a Far Eastern Rugby Union comprising Australia, New Zealand, Singapore, Thailand, Saigon, and Hongkong.

Due to the fact that the HKRU had not officially received the proposal, no comment was available, at that date. It is understood that Australia and New Zealand have shown interest in this proposal, but the HKRU, while not committing themselves to any definite course, feel that it would be more in the interest of local ruggeries if the Colony were a member of the Central Committee at Twickenham, and investigations of the possibility are now being made.

GOOD INFLUX
Having now given you the news of the HKRU let us now turn our attention to those much maligned men, the referees. As was but to be expected a few have left for cooler climes, but there has

well win out in the end. Poor old Sing Tao seem to have had things pretty rough too with possibly as many as five players on the farewell list... I hope they can repair the damage to their fine young side..."

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been a good influx of new comers, with reasonable reputations.

At the recent Annual General Meeting, A. Elberle was again elected President, with D. Goldie, and D. J. Hatty being re-elected as Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer respectively. The elected Committee members are Messrs. Conner, Laling, and Ledsham.

The Referees' Society will be holding a meeting on Tuesday, September 4, at 7.00 p.m. and anyone interested in becoming a referee is invited to attend. If attendance is not possible will those interested please contact D. Goldie c/o Shell Co.

Now the actual games themselves. Once more the season will consist of a series of "friendlies" followed by the Hexangular Tournament. To ensure that the latter is played to the bitter end this season the Hexangular will start on December 1. In order to accommodate this each XV in the "friendlies" which incidentally start on September 29, and of which there are a total of ten teams, will play each other once only.

At a recent meeting of the HKRU it was proposed that instead of playing on Saturday afternoons this season all the games be played on the Club ground on Wednesday nights under the floodlights.

This was an attractive proposal for not only would the crowd attraction be increased, but the players would feel the benefit of playing in the cool of the evening.

Regrettably the Services found themselves unable to agree to this for various reasons, and instead it was agreed that once a month a representative game be played under the floodlights.

FIRST ROUND DRAWS
At the same meeting the draws for the first rounds of the "friendlies" and the first round of the Hexangular were also made with the following results.

"Friendlies"—September 29
Police versus Army "C", Club "A" v Army "B", Club "P" v RAF, Island Army "A" versus Army "D", Navy versus RAF Mainland.

At the time of going to press the Army has still to decide upon the constitution of their four teams, but in the Hexangular Tournament the same rule as last year will apply in

well win out in the end. Poor old Sing Tao seem to have had things pretty rough too with possibly as many as five players on the farewell list... I hope they can repair the damage to their fine young side..."

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the formation of Army North and South.

Hexangular—December 1
Navy versus RAF, Army North versus Police, Club versus Army South.

Full details of the remainder of the games will be published at a later date as they come to hand, but I have been asked to remind Club members that training starts on Monday, September 3, at 5.30 p.m. and that the Club Possibles v. Club Probables match will be held on September 22 and that on September 26 the Club versus W. G. Millar's XV game will be held at the Club.

PLEASANT CHANGE
Now a few words on the general state of the season. With the exception of the Club who have had an influx of new players (a pleasant change from the last few seasons), most of the other major XV's are not quite as strong as before.

The Navy, in particular, are at their lowest ebb. The Army have lost a large number of well-known players, and though many of their newcomers have a good reputation, it remains to be seen whether they will come up to scratch on the Colony grounds.

Talking of grounds, the recent rainfall has made a big improvement in the grounds in most cases, but mainly it is on the surface.

The Army ground at Boundary Street, while showing no improvement over last year, is already being spoiled by the hundreds of Chinese children who make use of it.

I realise it is almost impossible to stop their activities and as a result I feel the Army ground should not be used as heavily as last season. The Navy ground at Causeway Bay is much improved while the Club ground is in a fine condition, and more use should, if possible, be made of the latter two.

At the same meeting the draws for the first rounds of the "friendlies" and the first round of the Hexangular were also made with the following results.

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SPORTS QUIZ

1. On what surface is curling played?
2. He studied for the church; became the world's heavyweight boxing champion and ended his days as a temperance preacher. Who was he?
3. At what events were the following athletes Olympic Champions in 1952: Andy Stanfield, George Rhoden and Paddy O'Brien?
4. Which member of the British team for this year's Olympics competed in the 1936 Games in Berlin?
5. What clubs do these English international footballers play for: Jimmy Dickinson, Johnny Haynes and Ron Flowers?
6. Which sportsman aim at the "gold" and the "treble twenty"?
7. Where is the "Wall Game" played?
8. What game is given to a baseball arena?
9. Where is the traditional headquarters of the Royal and Ancient game of golf?
10. In which games do players hit a ball with (a) a mallet and, (b) a crosse?

(Answers See Page 17)

Back In Its Place

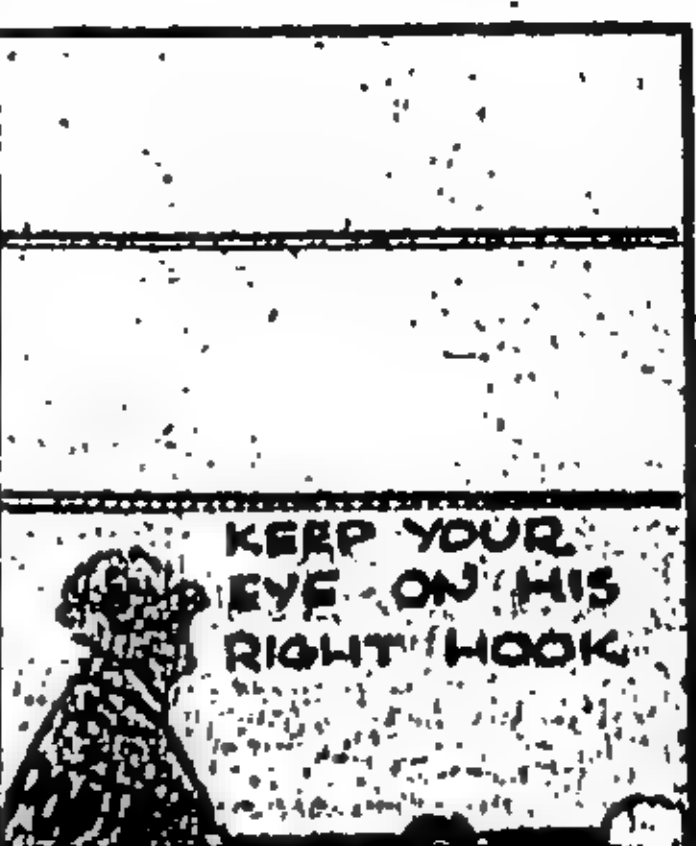
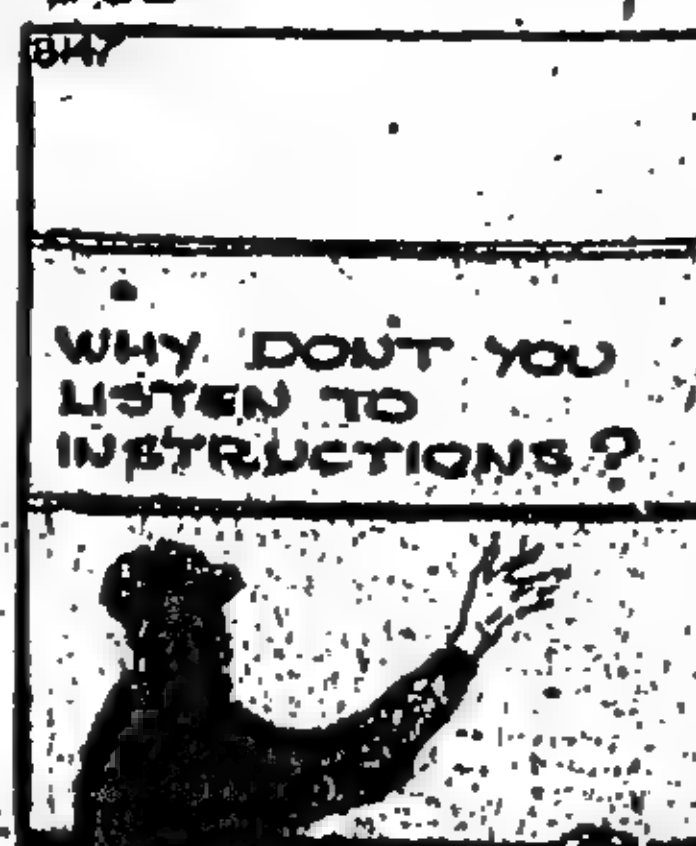
A ball went flying and the umpire raised his finger. Hardly necessary for him to do so for the batsman started walking back to the pavilion. But wonder of wonders, the ball fell back into his grove, and the umpire wrongly insisted that the batsman was out. This all happened in a Puchan-Blackburn Northern match in Lancashire.

Gone To Germany

Two famous football internationals and ex-managers have gone to Germany. They are United States troops to Soccer. They are George Hardwick, ex-Middlesbrough, and England, who was recently manager of Oldham Athletic, and Frank Hill, formerly Arsenal and Scotland, and lately manager of Preston North End.

—B. E. JANT

POP



Boxing clever

